the weekly
Standard
SEPTEMBER 18, 2006 • $3.95

'NEW LEADER' DAYS
JOSEPH EPSTEIN

BULLY FOR BOLTON!
Representing the U.S. at the U.N.
BY FRED BARNES

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ROBERT ZELNICK

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—Daniel C. Kurtzer, Former United States ambassador to Israel and Egypt and the S. Daniel Abraham Visiting Professor of Middle East Policy Studies at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs

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Contents

September 18, 2006 • Volume 12, Number 1

2 Scrapbook ..... *Khatami, Senate Intelligence, and more.*

4 Casual ..... *Jonathan V. Last, Agassi fan.*

6 Correspondence ..... *On tribes, Elia Kazan, and Pluto.*

9 Editorial ..... *Profiles in Correctness*

Articles

10 Hammerin' Hank *How the Treasury secretary can help in a showdown with Iran.* ..... BY MARC SUMERLIN

14 Movie Stars vs. Islamists *The Indonesian culture wars.* ..... BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS

15 Republicans and Evangelicals *Yes, this marriage can be saved.* ..... BY MARC AMBINDER

17 And Bringing up the Rear *The asterisk in the Connecticut Senate race.* ..... BY WHITNEY BLAKE

Cover: Thomas Fluharty

Features

19 Second Time's a Charm?
George Voinovich's change of heart gives John Bolton another shot. ..... BY FRED BARNES

23 'New Leader' Days
Can you have a political magazine without politics? ..... BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

Books & Arts

29 Freedom at War *Civil liberties in the age of terrorism.* ..... BY PETER BERKOWITZ

33 Why Rome Fell *The Empire was weak, the Barbarians were strong.* ..... BY J.E. LENDON

34 Albright at Prayer *The former secretary of state takes on religion.* ..... BY ELIZABETH EDWARDS SPALDING

36 Saluting the Canon *The liberal arts are alive and well—at military academies.* ..... BY MARK BAUERLEIN

39 Cinemagic *Turn-of-the-century Vienna might have looked like 'The Illusionist.'* ..... BY JOHN PODHORETZ

40 Parody ..... *Khatami's conversion, covered in the Iranian press.*

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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Khatami in the Cathedral

"Interfaith dialogue" is all the rage these days: understanding our commonality by celebrating our differences. Or something like that. It's infected venerable pillars of establishment religion, such as the National Cathedral in Washington. There, they've found a way to take the edge off all the God 'n' Jesus talk by featuring speakers like Larry Dossey, a mind-body expert who "celebrates the healing power of music, touch and mystery." Which is not to say they don't boldly espouse the most hallowed tenets of the Episcopal tradition, such as offering a "Five Pillars of Islam" course through their Cathedral College.

The National Cathedral, then, was the perfect setting to welcome former Iranian president Mohammad Khatami, the seniormost Iranian to visit our country in nearly three decades. With his need-for-understanding patter, his undeserved reputation among world leaders as a "reformer" and a beacon of tolerance (disputed by the 200 or so Iranian exiles who lined the Cathedral sidewalks accusing Khatami of everything from journalistic repression to coddling terrorists to murder), and with his tendency to throw not-so-subtle elbows at American leaders (he's compared George W. Bush's rhetoric to that of Osama bin Laden), Khatami is shaping up as the Persian Jimmy Carter.

Nitpicky, over-analytical pedants might ask, "How can we have a dialogue when your successor, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, keeps threatening to wipe Israel off the map?" Details . . . Starting a dialogue can be a messy business. Sometimes, you have to scream before you can whisper, just so you have everyone's attention.

Khatami, for his part, isn't a screamer. Aside from the occasional jaw-dropper—like calling Hezbollah "a shining sun that illuminates and warms the hearts of all Muslims and supporters of freedom in the world"—he mainly speaks the language of reconciliation, giving addresses like his famed "Dialogue Among Civilizations." The U.N. thought the concept such a swell idea that Kofi Annan declared 2001 the "Year of Dialogue Among Civilizations." The dialogue sort of got off track around September of that year, after wayward members of our shared Abrahamic tradition blew up the World Trade Center.

At the Cathedral the evening of September 7, Khatami's "interfaith dialogue" turned out to be more of an intrafaith monologue, since he did most of the talking, and in Farsi no less. Journalists were given full translations of the speech beforehand. "The bad news," said one, "is it's boring. The good news is it's short—we'll be home in time for football." Speaking in the flowery, abstract verbiage of a political philosopher, which he was until he signed on to the Iranian revolution, Khatami spoke of "the contradictions between individualistic liberalism and collectivist socialism," of the West's need to "take a step forward and view itself from another angle," and of how "democratic systems" oughtn't be "limited to liberal democracies."

Earlier, Khatami told reporters that Iran is just making nuclear energy, not weapons, even though he was saying so just a week after Ahmadinejad passed out awards to his nuclear scientists on Iranian national television, for such meritorious accomplishments as "notable management of the building of centrifuge taps, and other sensitive and complex components."

The crowd—a radical chic mélange of gray D.C. eminences and powdered and polished Iranians—gave him a standing ovation, unintimidated by the protesters outside, who tried to shame them with photos of Iranians back home getting hung from cranes and buried up to their waist before being stoned. Maybe, as our hosts suggested, he really is building a bridge between civilizations. A suspension bridge. As in, you'd have to suspend lots of disbelief to think his pretty rhetoric leads anywhere. ♦

Senate Intelligence—an Oxymoron?

"According to postwar detainee debriefs—including debriefs of Saddam Hussein and Tariq Aziz—Saddam was resistant to cooperating with al Qa'ida or any other Islamist groups."

This is good enough, apparently, for the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. If you read the "Phase II" report issued by the committee late last week, it is clear that the final word on Saddam Hussein's relationships with Islamic terrorists will be given to Saddam Hussein.

According to the report, the deposed dictator was asked whether he might cooperate with al Qaeda because "the enemy of the enemy is my friend." The report uncritically offers his response. "Saddam answered that the United States was not Iraq's enemy."

Unfortunately, the debriefers didn't follow up with a question about his party's Nov. 8, 1998, call for the "highest levels of jihad" against American interests: "The escalation of the confrontation and the disclosure of its dimensions and the aggressive intentions now require an organized, planned, influential and conclusive enthusiasm against U.S. interests."

Where the report is not credulous, it is confused. For instance, the writers of the report seem not to understand that "Shaykh Salman al-Awdah" (p. 72) is the same guy as "Shaikh Sulayman al-Udah" (p. 73) and that he was a spiritual

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mentor to Osama bin Laden. That Saddam would agree to rebroadcast Awdah/Udah's sermons on Iraqi national TV would seem difficult to reconcile with the idea that Saddam opposed any cooperation with Islamists. At another point, the report claims that Saddam Hussein considered al Qaeda leader Abu Musab al Zarqawi an "outlaw." In the substance of the report, the claim is attributed to a senior Iraqi official. In the conclusions about Zarqawi the same information is attributed to an "al Qa'ida detainee."

Then there's the reporting on Ahmed Hikmat Shakir, the Iraqi national who facilitated the travel of Khalid al-Midhar, a 9/11 hijacker, to the key 9/11 planning meeting in Kuala Lumpur in January 2000. No one disputes this. The Senate report notes: "Shakir was a part-time facilitator of Arab visitors at the Kuala Lumpur airport for the Iraqi Embassy." Shakir fled the country one week after the meeting ended. The CIA acknowledged that his disappearance "raised suspicions about his connections and intentions."

More from the CIA: "Shakir's travel and past contact linked him to a worldwide network of Sunni extremist groups and personalities including suspects in the bombing of the 1993 World Trade Center [sic] and indirectly to senior al Qa'ida associates. His relationship with the embassy employee could suggest a link between Baghdad and Shakir's extremist contacts, but it could also be the case of an Iraqi expatriate finding a temporary job for a fellow national." Those "contacts" include Musab Yasin, the brother of 1993 World Trade Center bomber Abu Rahman Yasin, an Iraqi national. (The report never mentions either Yasin.) The "contacts" also include Abu Hajer al Iraqi, an al Qaeda leader described in court testimony as Osama bin Laden's "best friend." No one disputes any of this.

The Senate report, though, finds conclusive the assurances of a foreign government service to the CIA that Shakir had "no link . . . to any foreign intelligence service, radical religious group or terrorist operation." This finding plainly contradicts the evidence in the possession of the U.S. intelligence community.

On the other hand, it also admirably suits the purposes of Senate Intelligence committee Democrats, who were quick to claim that the report proves Bush misled the country into the Iraq war. If only the Republicans controlled the Senate! ♦

Congratulations

A tip of THE SCRAPBOOK's homburg to our friends at the *New Criterion*, which celebrates its 25th anniversary in the current issue.

When it was established, in 1982, the *New Criterion* assigned itself the task of speaking "plainly and vigorously about the problems that beset the life of the arts and the life of the mind in our society." Under the leadership of Hilton Kramer, Roger Kimball, and their colleagues, it has done all that, and more. Not only has the *New Criterion* proved vital, entertaining, and durable—its namesake, T.S. Eliot's *Criterion*, closed its doors after 17 years—but it has also become the indispensable voice in the cultural debates that define our times. And by marrying trenchant style to the highest standards, it guarantees itself another quarter-century of distinction, and more. ♦

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Casual

Andre the Giant

With last weekend's finale of the U.S. Open, Andre Agassi's farewell tour is now complete. It's easy to love sports, but hard to love athletes. Agassi was the rarest of breeds: an athlete worth admiring and loving.

He was a fundamentally tragic figure. His father is an unpleasant man who treated his son like a laboratory experiment. Baby Agassi had a tennis ball dangling from a string above his crib; once he could sit, his father taped a paddle to his hand and tossed balloons to him, to encourage his hand-eye coordination. At the age of 13, he was shipped from his home in Las Vegas to a tennis academy in Florida. He turned professional at 16.

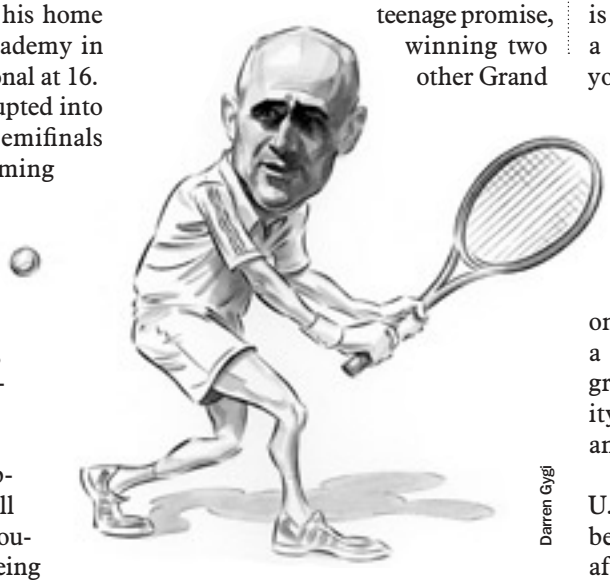
Two years later, Agassi erupted into tennis, advancing to the semifinals of the U.S. Open. His booming groundstrokes were like broadsides from a battleship, but his crossover appeal made young Agassi more rock star than athlete. He sported long, bleached hair and wore acid-washed denim shorts. He appeared in commercials with the Red Hot Chili Peppers promoting "rock 'n' roll tennis." He acquired an entourage and a reputation for being an insufferable creep.

He did everything except win championships. Agassi, who was supposed to be the future of American tennis, choked in one Grand Slam final after another. In 1990, he was dismantled in the final of the U.S. Open by an unheralded teenager named Pete Sampras. Sampras would go on to become the game's greatest player. Agassi would begin to melt away.

While other young Americans, such as Michael Chang and Jim Courier, emerged and won major tournaments, Agassi signed endorsement deals, dated Barbra Streisand, and publicly talked about shaving his body hair. He became a parody of the spoiled, underachieving professional athlete. By 1992, he was a cautionary tale—or a joke.

In 1992, a diminished Agassi played his way into the final at Wimbledon, where he faced the fireballing Goran Ivanisevic. A heavy underdog, Agassi won in a marathon five sets. (His father telephoned him to tell him he should have won in four.)

Agassi was reborn. For a four-year stretch, he finally made good on his teenage promise, winning two other Grand Slam titles and emerging as Sampras's foil. Then he married Brooke Shields and virtually disappeared from tennis.



Darren Gygi

Agassi's ranking dropped to 141 in the world. For three years, he was all but retired. Only when Shields left him did he return to the game in earnest. Within months of the divorce, he captured his first U.S. Open. Afterwards, an interviewer asked Agassi why he had fallen so far: Was he putting too much focus on his marriage?

We're not accustomed to seeing genuine pain on television, so Agassi's subdued response was shocking: "No. I think I was putting the rightful amount in my marriage, not too much," he whispered. "It was what I wanted. It was what I chose."

This, then, was the tragedy of Andre Agassi: He was too callow to succeed when success would have been easiest. When success did come, it was at the expense of happiness. And with his success came the awareness of how little it meant.

Agassi began dating Steffi Graf, the greatest woman player of all time. They got married. They had children. And at the age of 29, past the moment when most successful players call it quits, Agassi started his third tennis life, winning five more Grand Slam tournaments and becoming only the fifth man ever to win all four majors.

The Agassi of rock 'n' roll tennis is long gone. He is bald now, and a born-again Christian (although you'll never hear him talk about his faith). The rock star gave way to the man, power-walking from point to point, eyes down, shoulders squared. Agassi was one of the five best players in the history of the game and had as much God-given talent as anyone who's ever played, but he wasn't a fluid, effortless player. He was a grinder. In the end, it was this tenacity that made the difference, both on and off the court.

In the quarterfinals of the 2005 U.S. Open, Agassi came back to beat a young, powerful James Blake after dropping the first two sets. In the press conference afterwards, he was asked how he turned the match around. "I don't have the answers, I don't pretend that I do just because I won the match," he replied. "Just keep fighting and maybe something good happens."

The world of sports is filled with men who become corrupted; instead Agassi was redeemed. His story shows that it's never too late for a change of heart.

Jonathan V. Last

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What Does This Stand For?

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Go Tribe

Ralph Peters's "Return of the Tribes" (Sept. 4) is one of the most thought-provoking analyses available on the seeming failures of globalization and the role that religion and magic play in the world's inability to attain that goal. It is apparent, after reading Peters's insights, that the only way globalization could occur (and even this on a limited and false scale) would be if societies were unified through the coercive power of a dominant religion or world government, both of which would spell the end not only of democratic ideals but also of civilization as we have known it.

Gregory M. Rolla
Oak Lawn, Ill.

The term "must read" is overused, so shall we say that it would be exceedingly useful if some of the powers that be not only read, but also actually paid attention to, many of the key points Ralph Peters brings out in "Return of the Tribes." We Americans have this absurd notion that absolutely everyone is itching to embrace our way of life, if only their tormentors were gotten rid of. Peters shoots holes through that theory, and the historical empirical evidence supports him thoroughly.

To cite one example: For a Communist/fascist, Josip Broz Tito did a reasonably good job of promoting diversity in Yugoslavia—with an iron fist in the foreground, to be sure. The important holidays of all the tribal elements were honored, and the schools supported the various languages. He forced the tribes to coexist. But after the fall of the Soviet Union, it took little time for the various factions to pick up where they had left off some 70 years before. Considering such examples might be of value for our present battle in Iraq.

Charles Riedmiller
Maineville, Ohio

Kazan Considerations

Charlotte Allen's "Truth Teller" (Aug. 21 / Aug. 28) claims that Richard Schickel's biography of Elia Kazan "does not quite do Kazan justice." But neither does her review. She is fair in her assessment of most of Kazan's career, but dismisses his final years and says his heyday was short. Yes, Kazan stumbled after *Splendor in the Grass* and never made another good film, but Allen says nothing about the literary aspects of his comeback: the towering achievement of his autobiography, *A Life*, a brutally honest and wonderfully written 848-page masterpiece published in 1988 and hailed by Norman Mailer and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., among many others. Nor does she credit him as a fiction writer, even though his first novel, *The Arrangement* (1967), was a corrosively candid, compulsively readable roman à clef and tour de force, which, unfortunately, Kazan turned into an execrable film. Ignoring his literary work diminishes an imperfect giant, but a giant nevertheless.

David Evanier
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Charlotte Allen seems to imply that Elia Kazan did not care for Clifford Odets, but, if you read Kazan's autobiography, you'll see that he loved Odets until the day he died.

Roberta Hodes
New York, N.Y.

No Pluto, Happy Holst

Regarding "What Planet Are You On?" (The Scrapbook, Sept. 4): Look on the bright side: At least Holst's *The Planets Suite* is accurate again.

Harvard R. Fong
Sacramento, Calif.

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the weekly Standard

Profiles in Correctness

Ordinarily, the changing of the guard at the Department of Transportation is not an occasion for reconsidering matters of national security. But the retirement of Secretary Norman Mineta, and the nomination of Mary Peters to succeed him, might afford an opportunity to rethink and improve how we fight on one front in the war on terror.

As everybody knows, the recent arrest of more than 20 alleged jihadists in Great Britain jolted airport security procedures. The would-be terrorists had planned to detonate explosives on as many as 10 U.S.-bound passenger jets in mid-August using chemicals found in common household products. Immediately, a wide array of articles, ranging from toothpaste to bottled water to lipstick, were banned from carry-on luggage.

Americans are strongly in support of the war on terror, and recognize that new realities may require the adaptation of old habits. We have long since grown accustomed to the security procedures instituted since the first epidemic of airline hijackings 35 years ago and, most especially, since 9/11. But Americans are equally aware that the rules are sometimes capricious and unreasonable. In establishing guidelines for screening airline passengers, for example, Secretary Mineta was particularly concerned with avoiding any hint of "profiling." Accordingly, your 90-year-old Methodist grandmother flying from Dubuque to Springfield on a round-trip ticket was just as likely to be subject to close random scrutiny—her shoes removed, her body patted, her suitcase ransacked, her knitting needles confiscated—as a 20-year-old "student" from Riyadh traveling from Hamburg to New York.

Moreover, while it remains forbidden to bring a penknife or a lighter on board an airplane, despite the presence of armed marshals and the reinforcement of cockpit doors, no such rules apply to railroad or bus passengers. A terrorist attack on a bus or train—not to mention a subway or ferry—could be just as catastrophic as an assault on a plane. This is not to say that the sort of security that now applies at airports should be extended to subway stops and bus stations. But it does suggest two good reasons for Secretary-designate Peters to review and reform transportation security when she takes office.

First, there is no harm in acknowledging that the sort of person who is likely to be a terrorist is not just any citizen who happens to walk into an airport, but someone with specific, comprehensible characteristics of age, national origin, sex, religion, and behavior. So far as we are aware, no jihadist plots have been perpetrated against Americans by little old ladies from Dubuque, but several terrorist attacks—in particular, 9/11—have been carried out by young Muslim men of Middle Eastern origin. No, not all young men, not all Muslims, not all people from the Middle East, are jihadists or potential terrorists. Of course not. But common sense, and the overwhelming preponderance of evidence, should make it obvious to airport security personnel where to concentrate their energies. The amount of wasted time in airport security, and the trouble expended confiscating harmless items, is irrational when compared with the actual threat we face.

Second, while Americans support the war against terror, they do so against various odds. The fact is that certain political figures, and certain elements in the media, regard the war on terror not as a common struggle in which we all have a stake, but as a political strategy of the Bush administration. It is not difficult to find cynicism in coverage of the war, or skepticism about its danger to our national life. In our view, the confused and confusing principles governing transportation security only add to such cynicism and skepticism. When Americans are, in effect, mistreated as they go about their business at airports—regarded with suspicion, subject to humiliating searches and seizures, forced to endure long delays and hostile questions—it undermines confidence in their government's determination to vanquish terrorism. This is especially true when they know that they are subject to such indignities not because they are effective, but because they have become a habit, or it might be politically incorrect to do otherwise.

Let's be clear: We strongly favor smart, effective policies that ensure, as much as possible, public safety as we travel. We also recognize that security in the age of terror will result in occasional inconvenience and official intrusiveness. That is a price everyone is willing to pay.

The operative word, however, is "smart." Do the principles that govern transportation security reflect policies designed to protect innocent people and identify and apprehend terrorists? Or are they a random assortment of panicky procedures, petty harassments, and P.C. rules that exasperate Americans, and breed mistrust about the most important issue of our time?

—Philip Terzian, for the Editors

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Hammerin' Hank

How the Treasury secretary can help in a showdown with Iran. BY MARC SUMERLIN

As WALL STREET veteran Hank Paulson settles into his new job as Treasury secretary, the conventional wisdom is that he can't accomplish much in the waning years of President Bush's second term. Paulson fiercely resists such assertions, and there is reason to believe he is right. But the arena in which he is most likely to shine is one the conventional wisdom has mostly ignored: crisis management with Iran.

Paulson is taking over Treasury at a momentous time. This month, the debate over Iran's nuclear program will turn to sanctions—an area where his experience will prove an immense asset. The best nonmilitary hope for turning back Tehran's decision to become a nuclear power is aggressive financial sanctions targeting Iranian leaders. Such sanctions would naturally be led by the Treasury Department, building on its expertise in suppressing money laundering and financial support for terrorism. It would be a significant achievement if Paulson were able to gain international agreement on sanctions and the cooperation needed to enforce them. At the G-7 finance ministers' meeting in Singapore this month, he will have an excellent setting to make the case.

So far, Iranian leaders have suffered little for their nuclear ambition—in fact they have gained as oil prices have risen. But if they were to suffer severe and personal financial losses, it might affect their calculus. Securing financial sanctions is no easy task. European cooperation is needed to get at Iranian bank accounts, and European political leaders face resistance from business leaders who prefer cozy relations. An even more aggressive sanctions strategy would turn the oil weapon on its head and restrict gasoline exports *to* Iran, on which the Iranians are surprisingly dependent. This, however, would require cooperation from both Europe and India, and is even higher up on the ladder of diplomatic difficulty.

Paulson is taking over Treasury at a momentous time. This month, the debate over Iran's nuclear program will turn to sanctions—an area where his experience will prove an immense asset.

Even with punitive personal sanctions, Iran's leaders, fueled by a dangerous mixture of hate and religion, may not be deterred. A broader containment strategy may ultimately involve targeted strikes on Iran's key nuclear facilities. It is true that many foreign policy experts argue that taking on Iran militarily is highly unlikely. But given that Iran's leaders are pursuing a nuclear weapon and that President Bush is committed to preventing them from acquiring one, it is impossible to say military action will not be taken.

Should such a conflict happen, Paulson, again, would be in the spotlight. His role would be to ensure that someone who is sensitive to markets has a strong voice at the table. Oil prices would undoubtedly surge with any military action. But, if handled well, the administration would give oil traders a reason to take profits as early as possible. Buy stocks on the cannons, goes the old market saying—but the inverse should be true for oil.

The most important policy would be to announce without delay a coordinated release of strategic petroleum stocks led by Energy Secretary Samuel Bodman and International Energy Agency executive director Claude Mandil. Global government-controlled petroleum of IEA member countries could offset about 20 months of Iranian oil exports—a figure that should not only make Tehran nervous, but could also allow for an over-release, providing more oil to markets than was taken offline. A coordinated oil release would shift supply from religious fanatics to known allies and demonstrate that oil vulnerability can be a two-way street. During the Persian Gulf war, a release of the Strategic Petroleum Reserve was announced on the same day that the war began. The price of oil fell by one-third over the next six weeks, as the military action proved successful. After Hurricane Katrina, the administration waited five days to announce a coordinated release of strategic oil—a period too long for traders experiencing pain with every tick.

Parrying Iran's oil dagger will require substantial preparation beyond a release of the strategic petroleum stocks. If Iran were to mine the Strait of Hormuz, for example, the administration would ideally provide markets with immediate information about the status and progress of mine-clearing ships. Markets would react positively to such information even if mine-clearing (or similar activity) were to take time. Silence, on the other hand, would increase uncertainty and push oil prices even higher.

Another challenge would be the

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risk of hostile action by Venezuela's Hugo Chávez, a committed ally of the Iranian regime. Eleven refineries in the United States use significant amounts of Venezuelan crude, and these refineries are tuned to run most efficiently with Venezuela's heavy oil. (In an additional complication, four of these refineries are also owned by Venezuela.) Should Chávez cut off shipments, it could take more than 30 days for a similar type of crude to arrive from the Middle East.

The administration will thus need to make sure that alternative supplies of the same type of oil are available from the strategic reserve or elsewhere on short notice. The administration should also have plans to facilitate the purchase of any oil on the high seas that does not have a final port of destination—which at times is a significant amount.

It is impossible to calculate the "Iran premium" in the current price of oil, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that a durable political or military solution to the dispute could drop today's price by as much as $10 per barrel. Rational traders fear shorting oil in a world where large amounts of supply can go offline while they sleep. The largest worry, of course, is with Iran, which not only exports 2.7 million barrels a day but also sits on a strategic position at the Strait of Hormuz, where one-fifth of the world's oil supply passes under its gaze each day.

A $10 drop in the price of oil over the course of a year would add about $75 billion in income to U.S. consumers and take about $30 billion from U.S. oil producers. This $45 billion net improvement to U.S. income would directly improve our trade deficit since oil imports would cost less. The effect on economic growth could be even larger than this calculation alone suggests. The change in the price of oil would shift from being a drag on growth to a supporter of growth, providing a net swing that could add a one-half percent or more to the next year's growth rate. More important, a fall in oil prices would help ease inflation concerns, allowing the markets and the Federal Reserve to take a longer-term perspective on the recent increase in inflation.

In short, successfully handling the economic and financial aspects of a potential Iran crisis may be the best opportunity for Paulson to simultaneously and immediately make a contribution to raising growth, lowering inflation, and reducing global imbalances. Even better, reducing inflation and trimming our external deficit is the best way to strengthen the currency that will soon bear his name. A well-prepared policy response that reveals the weakness of Iran's oil card would offer benefits that far outweigh the economic impact of a sizable but brief spike in the price of oil. ♦

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Movie Stars vs. Islamists

The Indonesian culture wars.

BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS

INDONESIA is currently embroiled in a high-stakes culture war between forces dedicated to Islamic law and more secular-minded citizens devoted to the freedoms and rights enshrined in the country's constitution. While Islamic conservatives have made significant gains, the entertainment industry is emerging as a major arena of opposition to their highly restrictive vision for society.

This opposition is sometimes subtle, sometimes bold. One entertainer who positively courts political controversy is pop singer Inul Daratista, whose suggestive dancing has gotten her banned from several Muslim-dominated towns and earned her the ire of the Indonesian Ulemas Council. Meanwhile, singer Ahmad Dhani of the popular rock band Dewa has released several hit songs whose lyrics aim to undercut the allure of Islamic militancy among Indonesian youth.

One of the most fascinating figures to watch is filmmaker Joko Anwar, who views Indonesian filmmaking in a political context. "We always try to push the envelope," he says, "either politically or on romantic things." They often succeed.

Anwar first came to prominence as a screenwriter for the 2003 comedy *Arisan!*, which swept the national and international film awards and has been spun off into Indonesia's top-rated TV sitcom. *Arisan!* (the word has no direct equivalent in English; it's the name of a monthly female social gathering) challenged censorship laws established by dictator Suharto's "New Order" regime, under which Islamic political activity was narrowly restricted. Since Suharto's ouster in 1998, Islamic political movements have operated more freely—and they've learned to use the film censorship laws to promote Muslim mores.

Joko Anwar

Cardiff Screen Festival

While working on *Arisan!*, Anwar discovered a loophole in the ban of on-screen kissing: It prohibited kissing between a man and a woman. Anwar refashioned his script to center the movie around a likable gay character who falls in love and is ultimately accepted by friends and family. The resulting same-sex kissing scenes became a national sensation. As a political gesture, celebrities started jokingly declaring they were gay. The film censorship board subsequently tightened the law to cover same-sex kissing.

The board itself seemingly is motivated not by Islamic sentiments, but by fear of retribution from devout Muslims. In 2005, Anwar submitted his directorial debut, *Joni's Promise*, to the censorship board with a modest male-female kissing scene. The board removed the scene and told Anwar this was for his own protection: They claimed the scene would cause the film to lose money because theaters showing it would be at risk of arson and Anwar would be attacked.

Anwar's current project is arguably his most ambitious, and is a response to the rise of radicalism. "It's getting pretty scary," Anwar says, "because we don't know what next they'll say is wrong according to them." He is convinced that the majority of Indonesians don't share the Islamic movement's values, but that the movement is gaining momentum because, in any controversy, the radicals are always the most vocal.

This has been true since the early post-Suharto days, when criminal charges were dropped against a number of radical clerics, including the suspected head of Jemaah Islamiyah, Abu Bakar Bashir. At the local level, political Islam was fostered by violent militias; nationally, by such parties as the Prosperous Justice party (PKS), linked with the Muslim Brotherhood.

In making full use of the right to free expression enshrined in the constitution, the forces seeking to spread political Islam have succeeded in substantially undermining this right. With the PKS pulling strings in parliament and radical groups like Hizb ut-Tahrir and the Islamic Defenders Front operating on the ground in provincial cities outside of Jakarta, *sharia* has been adopted in Aceh territory, the city of Padang, and the Jakarta suburb of Tangerang. There are bold calls for the adoption of a national "anti-pornography" law that would constitute a de facto implementation

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of *sharia* by criminalizing public displays of affection between a husband and wife and legislating what women are allowed to wear.

Against this backdrop, Anwar is making a groundbreaking film called *Dead Time*, which is reminiscent of Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*: It's a gritty movie about a future Indonesia that is balkanizing under the weight of dictatorial laws. Although the movie doesn't specify what the oppressive laws are, it clearly targets current efforts to establish *sharia*.

"It's going to be a *noir* film," Anwar says of *Dead Time*, which is based on the prophesies of the twelfth-century figure Jayabaya, sometimes described as the "Indonesian Nostradamus." Jayabaya predicted that Indonesia would go through a period of deep crisis before a leader would arise to reunite the nation and lead it into an era of peace and prosperity. Anwar says that *Dead Time* will deal with "who can be the one that Jayabaya predicted."

Nick Grace, an Indonesian-language political commentator who met Anwar through Grace's podcast, Global Crisis Watch, applauds the work of the Indonesian entertainment industry. "They are filling a role that the government should be playing: battling against extremism," he says. "The filmmakers are directly involved in this culture war. For now, the radicals may be winning the battles by paying people to rally for their causes, but the war will ultimately be won by the filmmakers whose films not only have staying power but are filling cinema seats."

Indonesia is a critical bellwether in the long war against Islamic extremism because it is the world's most populous Muslim country and has extremely porous borders. In practice, it has been home to a relatively moderate form of Islam, which is now being challenged. If Indonesian society is transformed into an authoritarian state governed by a strict version of Islamic law, the blow will be felt not only by the country's entertainment industry, but also by all who cherish freedom. ♦

Republicans and Evangelicals

Yes, this marriage can be saved.

BY MARC AMBINDER

SPOOKED by the political might of religious conservatives, secular liberals and faithful Democrats are taking comfort from some recent headlines.

In June, Alabama Republicans laughed at a gubernatorial bid by Ten-Commandments-defending judge Roy Moore. In July, Ralph Reed, the quintessential New Right candidate and the architect of the Christian Coalition, lost his first bid for public office, a primary race for lieutenant governor of Georgia. White House aides now publicly downplay the influence of "values voters" in the 2004 election, and Republicans in the House of Representatives whizzed through much of their "American Values" initiative this summer with a few perfunctory press releases. The *New York Times* was astounded (and delighted) to report the existence of pastors who depart from Republican orthodoxy. And Democrats are discovering that some evangelicals are concerned about poverty and climate change and don't take their political marching orders from Pat Robertson or James Dobson.

So are evangelical candidates losing their political appeal, or are religious conservatives shifting their allegiance from the GOP? Neither, really.

While it's true that, since at least Ronald Reagan's election in 1980, white evangelical Protestants have comfortably aligned themselves with the conservative movement, their alliance with the Republican party is more recent. As late as 1996, Bill Clinton won the votes of one-third of white evangelicals. In 2000, following Clinton's moral apostasy, Republicans nominated an evangelical. George W. Bush shared the beliefs and language of evangelicals, and his political strategist Karl Rove worked assiduously during Bush's first term to bring them into the fold. In 2004, Bush took 78 percent of the white evangelical vote.

This sorting and resorting of allegiances is largely an artifact of politics and personality. It's no surprise that as both Bush and the Republican brand become less popular, evangelicals, like virtually every other component of the conservative coalition, are asserting their independence. A Pew poll found that white evangelical Protestants are less willing to identify themselves with the Republican party than they were in 2004; Hispanic evangelicals are turning away from the party because of the stalemate over immigration.

Mega-evangelicals like Rick Warren, author of the phenomenally successful *Purpose Driven Life*, and Ted Haggard, president of the National Association of Evangelicals, have openly challenged Republican corporate dogma on environmental issues and supply-side tractates on poverty. Their best hope is to change the party from within and, on those issues, build coalitions with Democrats. Warren, a talismanic example of a Religious Right pastor who has softened his approach, has met with Democrats ranging from Nancy Pelosi to John Kerry.

But there is no evidence that evan-

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gelicals are joining the Democratic party in droves or that social conservative activism is waning. In fact, upon examination, the developments some Democrats believe augur a great unraveling on the right actually reveal something quite different.

In Alabama, most conservatives supported Judge Moore's crusade to keep a monument to the Ten Commandments on the grounds of the state supreme court. But Moore gave them no reason to back his bizarre and easily mockable gubernatorial primary bid. Christian voters weren't fooled and refused to be pigeonholed into voting for the most ostentatiously Christian candidate. Alabama Republicans wanted a governor, not a preacher.

Or take Ralph Reed's loss. It's true that his opponent, Casey Cagle, was first and foremost the candidate of suburban Atlanta's Republican business establishment. But Cagle is a cultural traditionalist. When I asked him this spring whether he worried that Reed would try to run to his right on social issues, Cagle leaned forward with a quizzical look on his face. "How?" he said.

Sure enough, there was little daylight between the two, and Cagle, unlike Reed, had a paper trail to back up his claims of fidelity to faith and family. Reed's reputation rested on his ability to exploit wedge issues to benefit conservative candidates. So when Cagle's campaign focused on Reed's financial relationship with indicted millionaire lobbyist Jack Abramoff, it cast doubt on Reed's legitimacy as a humble, faith-abiding Christian. Reed was beaten in part because voters concluded he was an opportunist.

And in the gubernatorial primary in Florida early this month, Republican attorney general Charlie Crist, no social conservative, soundly defeated Tom Gallagher, a candidate who wore his newfound Christianity on his sleeve.

Meanwhile, it's not true that the mass of cultural conservative voters take their marching orders from the high-profile leaders of lobbying groups in Washington—the same groups that have benefited financially and professionally from ties to the Bush White House and the Republican party.

For that matter, these organizations are not all that influential inside the Beltway. Nationally, the Christian Coalition is near death; in its place, the Family Research Council and other small groups try to keep the embers burning. They claim hundreds of thousands of members. They have access to top White House officials, and they hold events to keep their membership satisfied; but Republican strategists with access to polling know they move the votes of very few Christians.

The current crop of well-regarded evangelical leaders, like David Barton of WallBuilders, a group seeking to rekindle appreciation of the country's religious heritage, and Richard Land of the Southern Baptist Convention, are better pastors and behind-the-scenes operators than they are political strategists. They are good at gauging the mood of voters in the states; they don't try to build national movements.

Just as labor union leaders are finding it harder to convince members of the value of solidarity, other pressure groups have to work harder to corral their followers around defined issues. Much of this corraling and sorting takes place at the state or local level, where there is considerable differentiation among Christian political groups. It's only natural that pastors in the West are leading the call for better environmental stewardship.

Meanwhile, state-based, decentralized, and unaffiliated Christian groups are flourishing. The Virginia Family Foundation claims a membership of 70,000. The Iowa Christian Alliance is a source of ideological sustenance for many. Its leaders have asked for, and will get, meetings with every Republican presidential candidate. Ohio's Christian Alliance is putting together a massive turnout effort for the fall. In Colorado's Fifth Congressional District, which counts James Dobson's Focus on the Family as a major employer, Christians split over who should replace retiring congressman Joel Hefley. In the Fifth, as in primary elections nationwide, Christian conservatives worked easily and efficiently with nonreligious powerhouses like the Club for Growth.

Gay marriage bans will be on the ballot this fall in at least a half dozen states, but the impetus for these amendments comes from a loose network of state groups, not from Washington. Meanwhile, willing evangelical foot soldiers still abound—a young man named Ned Ryun, son of Kansas congressman Jim Ryun, for instance, led an army of homeschooled Christians to Michigan to work in a primary against a liberal Republican, Joe Schwarz. Challenger Tim Walberg, a former minister, used Protestant and Catholic church directories to turn out the vote. He won easily.

"What's happened," says Jordan Gehrke, a Republican consultant who

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works with state groups, "is that these national organizations which used to be run by these dominant personalities have nurtured chapters on the state level that have been organizing for years. Now the state chapters understand how to play the game for themselves. While some of the national groups have foundered, the state chapters have kept growing."

Other successes: Social conservatives continue to angle for spots on state Republican committees, and have mounted successful primary challenges to less conservative Republicans in states like South Carolina and California.

It's probably true that, as new issues rise in salience for conservative Christian voters, some of those voters will find themselves outside the Republican party—and Democrats will be incrementally more successful at winning their support for particular candidates.

A final misunderstanding: Some secular intellectuals believe that social issues are what drive evangelicals to the polls, or that Republicans have mastered the art of using class resentments to delude working class whites into voting against their economic interests.

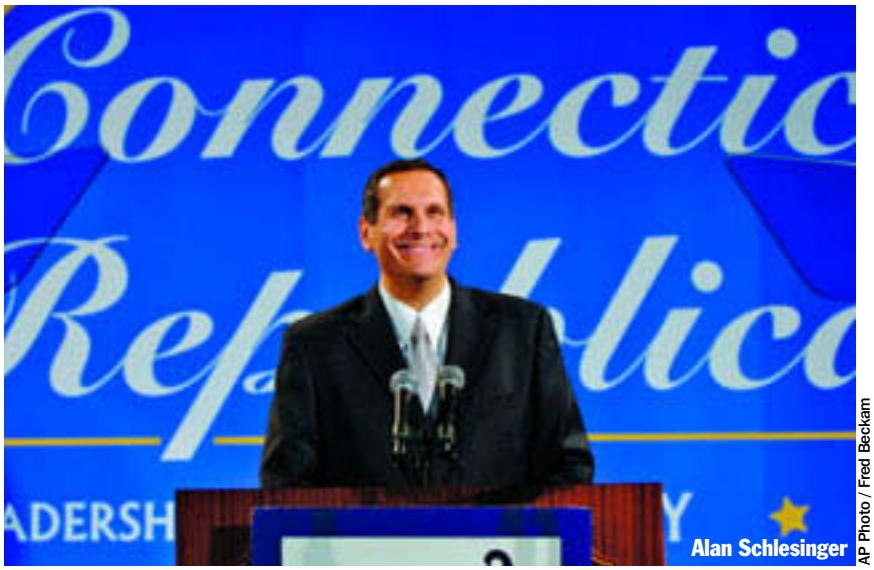
But internal polling conducted for the Republican National Committee shows that evangelicals who support President Bush today are motivated principally by his administration's national security policies. Sure, the targeted political messages they'll see in late September and October will mention judicial nominations, but even more, the political ads will draw a sharp contrast with Democrats on national security.

Unless this were so, elite conservative activists in early primary states wouldn't be seen flirting with a Republican presidential bid by the former mayor of New York, Rudy Giuliani. Because Giuliani is the potential nominee who most closely shares their values on national security, these activists are quick to excuse or forgive his two divorces. They must believe many evangelical voters can be persuaded to do the same. ♦

And Bringing up the Rear

The asterisk in the Connecticut Senate race.

BY WHITNEY BLAKE



Alan Schlesinger

AP Photo / Fred Beckam

LIEBERMAN VS. LAMONT is the Senate race the whole country is watching. But seldom mentioned amid all the chatter about the two Democrats—the incumbent, Sen. Joseph Lieberman, running as an Independent, and Ned Lamont, who defeated him in the primary—is the fact that it is actually a three-way race. The forgotten candidate, Republican Alan Schlesinger, polls in single digits and has consistently rated as an afterthought, save for a short time in July when a flap over gambling debts and card counting put him in the limelight.

Schlesinger's meager poll numbers are due in large part to Republicans' abandonment of their party's nominee in favor of the hawkish Lieberman. The White House, deferring to the state party, has declined to endorse Schlesinger, as has the National Republican Senatorial Committee. Former GOP vice presidential candidate Jack Kemp is planning to speak at campaign stops and fundraisers for Lieberman, and Connecticut representative Chris Shays, a Republican, announced his vote for Lieberman. While some town committees have endorsed Schlesinger, others are standoffish, with a few actually endorsing Lieberman. One town, Killingworth, gave Schlesinger the nod, then withdrew its endorsement.

This phenomenon is all but unprecedented in recent history. Larry Sabato, a leading authority on national politics at the University of Virginia, describes Schlesinger's predicament as "truly extraordinary." Explains Sabato, "The root cause is that the GOP is grateful to Lieberman for his support of Bush on Iraq." Add to that Republicans' strong distaste for Lamont, and, says Sabato, "Schlesinger has no chance."

Schlesinger himself dismisses

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reports of tepid support among Connecticut Republicans; he cites a letter released by state chair George Gallo urging Republicans to back him. As for the national Republican party and the White House, they have a "different agenda," according to Schlesinger, with the main goal of "being vindicated on Iraq" by a Lieberman victory. He criticizes the White House for embracing a "Ted Kennedy-type Democrat" who is moving toward the "Kerry position" on Iraq. Schlesinger recalls recent remarks by Lieberman touting his Democratic voting record. Sabato has a similar assessment: Apart from the Iraq issue, "Lieberman is really a traditional liberal Democrat."

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Schlesinger says the mainstream media are "rooting for Lamont," and he accuses the White House and Republican party chair Ken Mehlman of rooting for Lieberman. They have "tried to hijack the election and turn it into a Democratic primary," he says, meaning a fight over whether "the liberal left has taken over the Democratic party."

On top of Lieberman's dividing the Republican base, Schlesinger has been faced with media scrutiny of his past gambling, which Schlesinger considers irrelevant to his campaign. In July, the *Hartford Courant* reported that Schlesinger had used an alias while gambling at Foxwoods casino in the early 1990s, when he was a state assemblyman, then the mayor of Derby; that he enhanced his blackjack game with card counting (which is legal, but often banned by casinos); and that he paid more than $28,000, including interest, to settle two lawsuits brought by casinos, a figure Schlesinger disputes.

Schlesinger takes strong exception to the introduction of this old news into the campaign. At the mere mention of the word "scandal" in our interview, he became irate and defensive. Card counting, he said, "should be applauded." To ban it is like prohibiting Tiger Woods from playing golf. The fact that all of this occurred almost 15 years ago, he insisted, shows that he's "probably one of the cleanest politicians around."

Schlesinger feels he's "being singled out for a legal activity that brings money to support Connecticut" and that the state "encourages" through advertisements. To underscore the double standard, he brought up allegations against his opponents—that Lamont's wife had been "involved in stock-dumping fraud" and that Lieberman "had a lot of problems with tenants" and substandard maintenance of apartment units he rented.

Schlesinger then proceeded to instruct me as to THE WEEKLY STANDARD's proper role in his campaign: "I'm surprised that you're asking me about this. I was hoping your paper would say there's one conservative in this race, and here's what he stands for. I talked to you because you're supposed to do something positive."

Schlesinger estimates his polling numbers to be "grossly understated" because of his lack of name recognition, which he intends to remedy in part through advertising, targeting the relatively conservative Fairfield area. He also expects to benefit from the location of his name on the ballot in November—on the top line, next to popular Republican governor Jodi Rell, while Lieberman is on line 5. Schlesinger's fundraising goal is $2 million, of which he has raised, as of June 30, $113,581 (including a $50,000 personal loan), according to the latest figures from the Federal Election Commission.

Schlesinger asserts that his candidacy presents voters with a "moderate conservative choice." He's conservative when it comes to fiscal matters, lashing out at both parties for their "handling of tax and spend policy." He plans to hammer Lieberman for "accentuating a cruel hoax"—the so-called lock box on Social Security—in the 2000 presidential campaign.

Socially, he's more moderate; he's pro-choice, but favors parental consent for minors, and voted against partial-birth abortion. He toes the traditional conservative line on immigration—he's against President Bush's guest worker proposal and advocates stronger border protection and a "seasonal worker benefit" program, allowing documented migrants to work eight months out of the year in the United States, provided they pay income taxes and become proficient in English. On Iraq, he calls for a withdrawal of 50 percent of U.S. troops over the course of the next year, while Lamont would withdraw all of them. Lieberman has refused to set a timetable.

In the debates expected this fall, Schlesinger hopes to capitalize on the inevitable "bickering between Lieberman and Lamont" and to emphasize his conservative positions on domestic issues. He claims that if he gets his poll numbers up to the mid-20s—a feat in itself—he will have all but won the election. ♦

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Second Time's a Charm?

George Voinovich's change of heart gives U.N. ambassador John Bolton another shot at confirmation

By Fred Barnes

It was a warm weekend day in mid-July when, Republican senator George Voinovich of Ohio says, "it came to me." He was back in Cleveland, his hometown, taking a walk with his wife Janet in the neighborhood where they'd lived for 40 years. "You know," he said, "I've been thinking about John Bolton." He said this out of the blue since they hadn't been discussing Bolton, the American ambassador to the United Nations. "I've watched his performance. I think he's doing a good job in a tough place." War had just broken out between Israel and Hezbollah, he noted—all the more reason to have a U.N. ambassador stay in his post for the "long haul." And it was important to have someone with an institutional memory. "John knows where the bodies are buried. He knows the commitments people have made."

This was an important moment, maybe not historic but surely unusual. Voinovich had been the catalyst for the defeat of Bolton's nomination to the U.N. post in 2005. Without his unflinching opposition, Bolton most likely would have been confirmed. As it was, President Bush had been forced to give Bolton a recess appointment (it runs out next January). Voinovich had had no political reason for opposing Bolton, no need for a political boost. He'd been a popular mayor of Cleveland for 10 years and Ohio governor for 8 more. Now, at 70, he's as safe in his Senate seat as any Republican in Congress. True, he had been lionized by the press as a man of impressive independence and courage for his role in blocking Bolton. But that just made it harder for him to do what he was doing as he walked with his wife: change his mind. For certain, he would win little media approval by now backing Bolton's confirmation.

Voinovich asked his wife what she thought, as he often does. She, too, believed Bolton had not been the bull in a china shop at the U.N. that his foes had predicted. Nor had he been a freelancer, promoting his own foreign policy ideas rather than the Bush administration's. Voinovich then called Jeannie Siskovic, his foreign policy staffer back in Washington. "You know, I feel exactly the same way," she told Voinovich. A few days later, an article by Voinovich appeared on the op-ed page of the *Washington Post* under the headline "Why I'll Vote for Bolton." His fears about Bolton had not been realized. "My observations are that while Bolton is not perfect, he has demonstrated his ability, especially in recent months, to work with others and follow the president's lead by working multilaterally," the senator wrote. Voinovich had told few in Washington of his change of heart. So the piece was a major surprise—to Karl Rove, the White House political chief, for example. Rove had talked to Voinovich repeatedly about Bolton and believed he'd made no progress toward changing the senator's mind. He learned of Voinovich's new take on Bolton when he read his morning paper.

Voinovich's switch had the same impact as his original opposition, only in reverse. It made the renomination of Bolton viable. By itself, it meant that confirmation was now likely, though not certain given the level of Democratic opposition and the vagaries of Senate politics. Bolton has near-unanimous support among Republicans. One undecided senator, Chuck Hagel of Nebraska, called Bolton last week, chatted for 20 minutes, and promised his vote.

Over the past year, Bolton has won the strong backing of Jewish and pro-Israel groups, or, to be precise, *stronger* backing. They give Bolton credit—well-deserved credit—for engineering the 1991 repeal of the U.N. resolution declaring Zionism to be racism. He was assistant secretary of state for international organization affairs at the time. Last month, I went with Bolton when he spoke to a gathering at the New York office of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Orga-

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nizations. It was a lovefest. One participant told me he wished Bolton could be prime minister of Israel. He didn't appear to be joking. The pro-Israel groups have pressed Democratic senators in particular not to block Bolton's confirmation. They expect Senator Chuck Schumer of New York, one of Bolton's harshest critics, to vote no on Bolton but to decline to join the filibuster that Senator Chris Dodd of Connecticut is eager to organize.

Neither the pro-Israel groups nor anyone else appears to have any clout with Republican senator Lincoln Chafee of Rhode Island, who's a bit of an oddball. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee was ready to approve Bolton's nomination last week along party lines. At the last minute, Chafee decided to vote no, which would have created a tie and kept the nomination from going to the Senate floor. As a result, the committee's vote was postponed. Chafee's problem is not with Bolton. He voted to confirm him last year. Rather, his complaint, expressed in a letter to Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, is that the administration's Middle East policy is too pro-Israel. He wants the United States to force Israel to stop the expansion of settlements on the West Bank. With Chafee's bizarre (but perhaps temporary) defection, Bolton's nomination is again in trouble.

It shouldn't be. And you only have to listen to Voinovich to know why. He's the honest broker in the Bolton fight. Democratic opposition is partisan and knee jerk—except in Dodd's case. With Dodd, it's personal and ideological. For nearly two decades, he's loathed Bolton's conservative influence on policy toward Latin America and Cuba. On the other hand, Republican senators are naturally inclined to support a Bush nominee.

Voinovich is different. He has a deep interest in U.N. reform and public diplomacy. Before announcing his opposition to Bolton in May 2005, he interviewed Bolton twice and "dozens" of people who had worked with him. Voinovich was worried about Bolton's reputation as a political brawler and diplomatic klutz. His confirmation, Voinovich said, "will tell the world that we're not dedicated to repairing our relationships or working as a team, but that we believe only someone with sharp elbows can deal properly with the international community." And instead of promoting reform, which Bolton has long advocated, Voinovich said he was concerned Bolton "would make it more difficult for us to achieve the badly needed reforms to this outdated institution." Belying any political motive, Voinovich turned down requests for TV or print interviews on Bolton.

The White House made no attempt to punish Voinovich, who has admired Bush since their years as governors. When Bush hosted senators for a lunch at the White House a few days after the Bolton nomination was defeated, the president went out of his way to grab Voinovich around the shoulders and hug him. "I was genuinely touched," the senator told me. "I think he knew I don't take cheap shots. This is not a thing about George Voinovich trying to promote George Voinovich."

Nor is his recantation. He had no fences to mend with Bush. And never has a politician worked so hard to prove himself wrong. "So often in life, when you do what I did, you hope the guy turns out to be what I said he was," Voinovich says. But after a trip to the U.N. in February, dozens of talks and meetings with Bolton since his recess appointment as ambassador in August 2005, interviews of all Bolton's top aides, conversations with 27 ambassadors from other countries and U.N. officials, and chats with senators and Bush advisers—after all that, Voinovich concluded Bolton belongs at the U.N. Bolton, it turned out, didn't deserve his unflattering caricature.

Watching Bolton perform ably when his term came up as president of the U.N. Security Council in February was critical. "Seeing is believing," says Republican senator Norm Coleman of Minnesota. Coleman and Richard Lugar of Indiana, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, joined Voinovich on the trip to the U.N. Bolton insisted council members show up on time for sessions. "That offended some people at the U.N.," Coleman says. "But it sounds like George Bush to me." It didn't bother Voinovich. Nor did the criticisms of Bolton he heard. The ambassadors he consulted overwhelmingly spoke favorably of Bolton.

Voinovich sought to evaluate Bolton on three points. Is he careful not to alienate other ambassadors? Does he faithfully reflect administration policy? Is he effective? On all three, the answer was yes. What Voinovich calls his "interpersonal skills" were especially significant. Warren Hoge of the *New York Times* had reported in July that "more than 30" ambassadors friendly to the United States "expressed misgivings over Mr. Bolton's leadership." Hoge had written that Bolton once "burst" into a meeting on U.N. reform and lectured Third World ambassadors. Bolton tells a different story. He says he waited in the back of the room until his time came to speak. He called for a serious discussion of limiting the mandates (or assigned tasks) of the U.N. "It wasn't part of the staid, diplomatic way things are supposed to go," Bolton says. And it didn't work. Mandate reform was voted down by a lopsided margin in the General Assembly. Voinovich says he was "concerned" by the *Times* article. But his own investigation led him to believe that, at worst, this episode was an exception to Bolton's otherwise respectful behavior.

"Let's face it," Voinovich says, "I think John has really exercised some self-discipline. He's reserved himself. He's pulled back. He's been extremely diplomatic when we

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AP / Dennis Cook

Bolton with Norm Coleman, Richard Lugar and George Voinovich

haven't been successful on something." And despite disagreements with Rice on Lebanon and with Undersecretary of State Nick Burns on Iran, he sought to shape U.N. resolutions to their specifications, not his. "He has really tried to be a team player," Voinovich says. "There are some people who don't like what he says. But he's reflecting administration policy."

Bolton's effectiveness is harder to judge. His campaign for reform has made little headway. But his explanation that the U.N. simply lacks a majority in favor of reform is entirely accurate. Even the mild reforms proposed by U.N. secretary general Kofi Annan are rejected. Bolton's effort to kill a new U.N. Human Rights Council stacked with rights-violating countries (Cuba, China, Algeria, Pakistan) came to naught. He managed, however, to discredit the council, which has cited only one country by name for violating human rights—Israel. And Bolton tried but failed to get detailed language about what the Iranians are required to do in the Iran resolution, nor could he talk other Security Council members into labeling Iran "a threat to international peace and security."

That is the nature of multilateral negotiations, Voinovich suggested. He was impressed that Bolton collaborated amicably on resolutions on North Korea, Iran, Lebanon, and Sudan. "Nobody ever thought we'd get anything on North Korea," he says. "The way he handled it, with Japan coming up with the tough resolution," was masterful. Bolton also "finagled" the Lebanon cease-fire resolution "to the point the Israelis could live with it," according to Voinovich.

Democrats have stuck to their initial assessment of Bolton as a right-wing cowboy. They were aghast when he was nominated. He was handpicked by Rice. When they met after she was named secretary of state, Bolton said he wanted a new position—he'd been assistant secretary for arms control and nonproliferation in Bush's first term—preferably deputy secretary. Otherwise, he was ready to leave government. Rice understood. After four years as Bush's national security adviser, she had wanted to move up. Rice contacted Bolton a few days later with the offer of U.N. ambassador. He accepted immediately. "He's doing a terrific job," Rice told me last week. "We need him. He's tough but I want someone who's tough when we're negotiating."

When Bolton was summoned to a foreign relations committee hearing on July 27, Dodd seemed to think he had caught Bolton red-handed in a lie. At an earlier hearing, Bolton had denied seeking the ouster of an intelligence officer whose viewpoint he didn't like. "The committee subsequently found documentary evidence to the contrary," Dodd said. Bolton's staff had drafted letters to the CIA seeking the officer's "removal." In reply, Bolton said the letters "were never sent" because he didn't want the officer removed. "I did not want them sent and they were not sent," he told

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Dodd. "All right, thanks," Dodd said, then changed the subject.

Another Democratic tack is to press Bolton on whether he's changed his unenthusiastic view of the U.N. now that he's ambassador. His answer is he's found "very little" that he didn't expect. Bolton is an admirer of former ambassadors Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Jeane Kirkpatrick. "You've got to be willing to represent American interests and not be apologetic about it," he says. "Every other ambassador does that. The best U.S. ambassadors—Moynihan and Kirkpatrick—did exactly that." Bolton believes the U.N. can be "useful" at times, and "you have to use [it] when it's appropriate." But he's skeptical about "running your entire foreign policy through it. . . . It's a place where American interests can be advanced, but it's certainly a place where you have to defend against encroachments on American interests."

Even the polite new Bolton doesn't mind skirmishing with Democrats. At the July 27 hearing, Senator Russ Feingold of Wisconsin asked if he thinks "the United States should pay its obligations to the U.N.?" Bolton responded that it's "unequivocally the position of the administration to pay our assessed contributions." Feingold repeated the question. "As I said about 30 seconds ago, yes, I do," Bolton snapped.

Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts showed up late for the hearing and, perhaps to his regret, got into an argument with Bolton. Kerry asked why the administration didn't get into one-on-one talks with the North Koreans rather than limit itself to six-party negotiations. "Why not engage in a bilateral one and get the job [of curbing North Korea's nuclear program] done?" Kerry said. "That's what the Clinton administration did." Bolton's answer: "Very poorly, since the North Koreans violated the agreed framework almost from the time it was signed. And I would say, Senator, that we do have the opportunity for bilateral negotiations with North Korea in the context of the six-party talks, if North Korea would come back to them."

Since the U.N. was created in 1945, the United States has had 29 ambassadors. How does Bolton compare? Joshua Muravchik, the author of *The Future of the United Nations*, says Bolton should ruffle feathers at the U.N. and say "things that need to be said," as Moynihan and Kirkpatrick did. Then he'll rise to the top as a U.N. ambassador. The Heritage Foundation's expert on the U.N., Nile Gardiner, says Bolton is similar to Kirkpatrick. He's "dedicated to advancing the U.S. national interest" and "is respected as a force to be reckoned with inside the U.N. world." Besides, Bolton "is a household name now. How many U.S. ambassadors to the U.N. could say that?" Few. There's another measure of Bolton's success, the rigorous but fair Voinovich test. That one Bolton has passed. And if he's good enough for Voinovich, he should be good enough for the Senate and the U.N. ♦

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'New Leader' Days

Can you have a political magazine without politics?

By Joseph Epstein

Sometime earlier this year the *New Leader* magazine, after 82 years in business, ceased publication. Not all that many people could have known of the magazine during its existence. The tag line in a full-page ad that it once ran in the *New York Times Book Review* seeking new subscribers, as I remember it, was "Habitual coupon clippers please don't clip this one." The ad went on to say that not everyone read the magazine and cited a statistically infinitesimal number of people who did—only the intellectually best people, to be sure. John F. Kennedy read it, Hubert Humphrey read it, T.S. Eliot read it, and I forget the other rather rarefied names who did. In its house ads, the magazine used to carry a blurb from Eliot that went (again, I'm quoting from memory): "Of all the journals that cross my desk, the one I should most sorely miss is the *New Leader*."

I worked as a sub-editor for the *New Leader* for nearly two years, 1962-63. If that ad were to have been re-run later, it could not have said that Joseph Epstein reads it, because for more than 40 years I scarcely glimpsed it. Now that the magazine is gone, I suppose the best I can say is that I shall miss not missing it. But my brief adventures there, I have always known, were of considerable significance, to me if not at all to the rest of the world.

The first article I published was in the *New Leader*. The year was 1959, I was in the Army, an enlisted man typing up physicals in a recruiting station in Little Rock, Arkansas. Two years before, Little Rock had been at the center of the world's attention, when President Eisenhower sent in federal troops to insure the safety of the black children who, by court order, integrated Little Rock's Central High School. I wrote a piece on race relations in the city two years later from the standpoint of an outsider. I have just reread it, and it strikes me as in the category I think of as sensitive-pretentious, and rather cheaply moralistic, with ornate vocabulary thrown in at no extra charge: "Gallimaufry," "*blague*," and "panjandrum" were among the words I used.

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I had learned of the *New Leader* only a few months before I sent off my article. I discovered it in a tobacco store on Main Street in Little Rock that sold out-of-town newspapers and foreign magazines, including the London *Spectator*. I had discovered the little magazines and intellectual journals a few years before, while a student at the University of Chicago. *Encounter*, *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Kenyon Review*, these magazines opened up a new world to me, and an entirely new cast of writers—among them Dwight Macdonald, Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol, Robert Warshow, Midge Decter, Isaiah Berlin, Leslie Fiedler, Irving Howe, and a great many others. I must have been the only soldier who went off on bivouac with copies of *Partisan Review* and *Dissent* in his backpack in the icy November of 1958 at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

The *New Leader* of those days, even though published on slick paper, was a weekly and impressively drab. The logo—small n, capital L—was in white surrounded by a black box. A news photograph usually appeared on its cover; there was nothing seductive about its typeface or layout. (The general appearance of the magazine was revamped in 1961 by a gifted designer named Herb Lubalin, who changed its typeface to Times Roman, pitched out dreary photographs in favor of line drawings, and added lots of elegant—if slightly funereal—thick black lines above the titles of articles and reviews. With a bit of sprucing up here and there, it retained this look till its dying day.) I was beguiled by the grandeur of some of the names I discovered in its pages. An early issue I read carried a debate between Bertrand Russell and Sidney Hook over whether, with the possibility of an atomic war hovering over the world, it was better to be Red than Dead. Hook argued that life without freedom such as was offered by communism wasn't worth living; without freedom, he declared, better dead than red—better to be a dead lion than a live jackal. He easily defeated Russell. British Labour MPs wrote articles for the magazine; so did a number of writers whose names I knew from other intellectual magazines.

I was 22 years old and thrilled to have my article published in a New York magazine, even if no one I knew read

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or had ever heard of the *New Leader*. In identifying the magazine, I could always say that Bertrand Russell wrote for it. After the pleasure of first publication began to wear off, I wondered about what I would be paid for the article. Surely it couldn't be less than $100—and then I began to imagine it as much more, up around $500, maybe an even thousand.

After three or four weeks, a few contributor's copies arrived, but no check. So I wrote to the editor, a man named S.M. Levitas, telling him (a lie, of course) that the mailboxes in the building I was living in had been broken into, and I wondered if perhaps his check for my article "A Stillness at Little Rock" had been stolen. Less than a week later, Mr. Levitas wrote back to inform me that I was a young man and thus, as I recall his phrasing, "unaware that the truth has no price tag. The *New Leader* does not pay its contributors." He ended by saying that he encouraged me "to do more writing."

Funny, I seem never to have realized the obvious point that "the truth has no price tag." But what I did realize from this letter was that Levitas, a former Menshevik who had briefly been vice mayor of Vladivostok, was a man with a fine touch. He was in fact a *schnorrer extraordinaire*, which would have to be part of the job description of anyone running a small intellectual magazine without a generous angel behind it. I subsequently learned that Levitas smoked two packs of cigarettes a day and rarely bought any. Editors were said to enter his office demanding a raise, and depart with no raise but a review copy of an unreadable novel.

One quiet day in the office, after I had come to work for the *New Leader*, I discovered in the files a folder marked T.S. Eliot. As I remember it, the correspondence between the famous poet and the Menshevik editor began with a letter from Levitas inviting Eliot to review some entirely inappropriate book. Levitas must have known that Eliot's was a powerhouse name without knowing much more about him. Not Eliot but his secretary wrote back on exquisite light blue stationery, saying that Mr. Eliot was on holiday just now and thus wouldn't be able to accept Mr. Levitas's kind invitation. Levitas replied straightaway by telling Eliot how he envied him his ability to get away, and that he was only the other day saying to Mrs. Levitas that they, too, must find time for a vacation. He may or may not have suggested another inappropriate book for review. Eliot's secretary replied by saying that Mr. Eliot was still on holiday and would perhaps answer this letter upon his return. To which Levitas, now presuming on an old acquaintanceship, wrote to say that there was nothing finer than a lengthy holiday. . . . Finally, there is a letter from Levitas to Eliot in which he announces that he and Mrs. Levitas will soon be in London and he wonders if Eliot and Mrs. Eliot could "break bread" (quotation marks around the cliché supplied by Levitas) with him and his wife. T.S. Eliot may have officially been an anti-Semite, but he was, from all reports, a kind man, and he and Levitas must indeed have broken bread. The result was no T.S. Eliot reviews or essays but that blurb: "Of all the journals that cross my desk the one I should most sorely miss is the *New Leader*." He'd perhaps miss it, I used to think, even if he ever actually read it, which was difficult to imagine.

I never met S.M. Levitas, who died before I arrived at the *New Leader*, and I'm here making him out a clownish figure. He must of course have been much more than that. He was able to garner, after all, the support of such men as Sidney Hook and Reinhold Niebuhr, Hugh Gaitskell and Walter Reuther, all of whom wrote for him. He ran a magazine that for many years was the most persistently courageous voice of the anti-Stalinist left in America and maybe in the non-Communist world—and he did it with little in the way of financial backing. He attracted an impressive run of European writers, many of them, like himself, Russian émigrés. Most of the great names on the anti-Stalinist left at one time or another wrote for him. When the rest of the world didn't want to hear about it, he and the contributors to the *New Leader* kept reminding that portion of the world prepared to listen that the Soviet Union was one large prison; and the magazine kept the pressure on in separate pamphlet studies of the Soviet doctors' plot, show trials, Khrushchev's "secret speech," and a great deal more.

Not long after I first became aware of the magazine, I acquired, from the Little Rock library, a copy of one of its special issues, "Jews in the Soviet Union." I found myself immensely impressed by the seriousness and usefulness of it. (Not long before, I had read a collection of Sidney Hook's essays, *Political Power and Personal Freedom*, which turned me away from ever thinking that communism was anything but a menace to those upon whom it was visited.) Reading this "Report by the Editors," I recall thinking how pleased I was to be, in my small way as a onetime contributor, connected with the *New Leader*.

After my discharge from the Army, I returned to Chicago. I wanted to be a writer, but realized that I had all the equipment for the job except for subjects to write about, and so searched out editing jobs. The best I could find in Chicago at the time was an assistant editorship on the *Kiwanis Magazine*, which I, already an inveterate highbrow, condescended to take. In fact, a very decent man named Richard Gosswiller patiently taught me how to put together and put out a magazine. I had stayed in touch

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with Myron Kolatch, the man I had dealt with at the *New Leader* on my Little Rock article, who had himself, after S.M. Levitas's death, risen to be the magazine's executive editor. When a vacancy occurred on the editorial staff, I wrote to ask if I might be a candidate for the job. I learned that the job, if I wanted it, was mine.

I was then 24, married, and had a child; my wife was pregnant with our second child. The pay was low, even for those days—$6,000 a year—but the benefits nonexistent. (I was even dismayed to learn that, should the need arise, I could not collect unemployment, for the *New Leader* did not pay the employer's share; only on a socialist magazine was this possible. But the magazine arranged another $1,000 a year for me as copy editor for *Labor History*, an academic journal published by the Tamiment Institute.) And I felt I couldn't let the opportunity pass. In those years, if one had intellectual or artistic ambitions, Manhattan was thought the only true testing ground for them. New York, New York, if you could make it there, etc., etc.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I arrived at the *New Leader*'s office at 7 East 15th Street, between Fifth Avenue and Union Square. On one of its floors the building housed the old Rand School library, filled with books about socialism and the various strains of American radicalism, including the Eugene V. Debs papers. The offices of labor union agents were on another floor. The magazine, if I remember correctly, was on the third floor. On the ground floor was the Tamiment Institute, a foundation brought into being (I believe) by the ILGW and other clothing workers' unions. Tamiment ran a summer camp in the Poconos and was also one of the *New Leader*'s chief financial backers; when the camp was sold, much of the money derived from the sale was used to keep the magazine afloat.

Adult clothes were still the order of the day, and I came to work that first day in a blue suit, white button-down collar shirt, rep (as they used to be called) tie. Noel Coward, arriving at a party in a lounge suit when everyone else was in white tie and tails, is supposed to have said, "Please, I don't want anyone to apologize for overdressing." But I hadn't overdressed. My two fellow editors, Mike Kolatch and Joel Blocker, were also besuited. Kolatch was a smallish man, with a serious mustache, a pipe-smoker, tidy of mien and mind, who in those days jokingly called people, in his New York accent, "Doc-tah." He gave off the aura of being unsurprisable.

Joel Blocker, a fellow University of Chicago graduate, was darkly good looking, a Brooklynite, a man passionate about culture. I once heard him say that anyone who didn't love Bernard Malamud's novel *A New Life* could not possibly be his friend—a remark emblematic of how much culture and ideas seemed to matter to intellectuals in those days. The translator of an about-to-be-published book of Israeli stories, Joel knew Isaac Bashevis Singer, just then ascending to his fame, and it was at his apartment that I first met Singer. I liked Joel, though sensed he was touchy, under pressure of some (to me) mysterious sort. He came in latish every morning, because he was in psychoanalysis.

In those days in New York it seemed as if everyone was in psychoanalysis. Not to be was, somehow, to seem a touch callow, as if fearful about exploring one's inner yearnings, terrors, repressions. Albert Goldman, the magazine's music critic, based his jumpy, hipster personal and literary style on a combination of jazz and psychoanalytic banter. He talked openly about his various therapies, including his group sessions. He once told of a woman who confessed that she slept with every man she ever went out with and then felt degraded afterwards. "How did you react to that?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "I introduced her to Phil, a horny friend of mine."

Al taught at the School of General Studies at Columbia, which he called "working the lounge at Columbia." I edited a book he wrote on Thomas De Quincey that demonstrated De Quincey's having plagiarized from Germans. Al hungered for more than academic success, and went on to write biographies of Lenny Bruce, Elvis Presley, and John Lennon (in response to the last, Elton John called him "human vermin," a fine blurb, I've always thought). He died in his middle sixties. Had he lived longer, he would doubtless have had to add to this triptych of popular culture figures by producing as a fourth panel a book on Michael Jackson. He could be hard on women, and yet otherwise he had an odd sort of refinement, wore expensive clothes, had some of the mustache-and-small-spectacles elegance of S.J. Perelman, and required lots of attention at any table or in any room he occupied.

Not long after I arrived at the *New Leader*, John Simon signed on as the movie critic. A Ph.D. in comparative literature at Harvard, the student of Harry Levin, John had a heavy armor of learning. He once reviewed a film with segments by six directors from different countries, each segment in a different language, and remarked on the quality of the subtitles of all but the one in Japanese, a language he allowed—owing to a busy schedule, one gathers—he had never learned. Tall, speaking careful English with a slight Mittel-Europeanish accent, John had determined to earn his living writing criticism. Not an easy thing to do at any time; his being able to do so has perhaps been all the more remarkable in that he curried no favor from anyone, anywhere. Instead he often curried rage with the harshness of his own unmediated opinions. As I recall, John concluded his first movie review for the

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magazine, on *David and Lisa*, which was about two emotionally disturbed adolescents, by suggesting that perhaps the Lacedaemonians (not your mere Spartans) were probably correct in their practice of burying the deformed soon after birth.

John invited me out for a few evenings of what I took to be, for him, normal critical jousting. I remember his telling me that he had run into Pauline Kael one evening, who told him that she disagreed strongly with his review about some movie or other but she much admired the style in which it was written. "Oh, my dear," he told me he replied, "I had no idea that you were in the least interested in style." Distinctly not, this, my idea of a swell time, but nonetheless amusing to hear about in John's recountings.

The *New Leader*'s art critic was Hilton Kramer, whose name I first encountered in *Commentary*, where he wrote a no-hostages-taken review-essay of James Thurber's *The Years with Ross*. After Joel Blocker left the magazine for a job at *Newsweek*, Mike Kolatch asked Hilton if he knew of anyone who might be interested in a job as an editor at the *New Leader*. "I do know someone," Hilton said. "Me." After editing his own magazine, *Arts*, Hilton had been freelancing, writing reviews for the *Nation* and the *Progressive*, and other places where the checks for contributors were written in longhand and tended to be in the low or middle two figures.

Hilton in those days looked rather like the best of the modernism he has long admired: He was well-turned out, sleek in an understated way, a touch severe (owing to large round spectacles), and wildly witty. Kolatch once asked him if every piece of art criticism had to contain the word *oeuvre*. Hilton answered he wasn't sure, but could promise that every one of his would. He had a New England accent, and a comic vision of the world. "Scandalous!" was a word he used a great deal; and "shameless," always accompanied by a sly smile, he used even more. Detached amusement was his general tone. He knew all the strange crew of odd scribblers who attempted to eke out a living writing for the *New Leader* and other of the intellectual magazines of those days: Edouard Roditi, George Woodcock, Keith Botsford, Edward Seidensticker, and other intellectuals now entirely forgotten. He once told me about Roditi, a homosexual who was under pressure to leave France during the Algerian war because he was living with an Algerian boy, that Roditi's cancer was the only subject upon which Roditi was less than fully candid with him. Hilton had a laugh that I loved to be able to evoke. Knowing he would be sitting at the desk across the room from me made me look forward to coming to work. He left the *New Leader* after I did, to become the primary art critic of the *New York Times*.

Stanley Edgar Hyman, who was at the top of the second echelon of critics during what has been called the Age of Criticism, wrote the lead book review in each issue. His reviews were the most read item in the magazine. Stanley wrote brief book notes for the *New Yorker* and taught at Bennington. He was married to Shirley Jackson, famous in those days for her macabre story "The Lottery," about a village stoning. Stanley's specialty was literary theory *avant la lettre*, which he used chiefly to show how other critics became ensnared in the presuppositions of their own methods. As a reviewer, he availed himself of all the critical methods: anthropological, mythological, New Critical, Freudian, and the rest. Every two weeks he sent in a piece that required no editing, fit space requirements perfectly, and was rarely dull—an impressive performance that he kept up for many years.

Bearded, overweight, a man of great bonhomie, Stanley came into the office only a few times during my days on the magazine. When he did, we all went to lunch with him, and listened to his stories about the legendary figures around the *New Yorker*. He wore three-piece brown suits and used a gold cigar cutter. Between his *New Yorker* and *New Leader* jobs, he was said to read a book a day and drink a bottle of booze a night. Stanley died at 51, his wife at 49.

A young woman who came in part time, chiefly to proofread and do odd editorial jobs, was Diane Ravitch. Diane in those days was, through marriage to the scion of an enormously successful construction company, a poor little rich girl, but a highly intelligent version of the species. She was one of eight children of the family of a Houston liquor-store owner. Good at school, she went off to Wellesley, where she complicated her life by becoming interested in intellectual things. She now had two sons of her own. I adored joking with her. I used to imitate various movie stars reading the staid titles on *New Leader* articles; Lauren Bacall, for example, saying "Agonizing Opportunity in Southeast Asia." One of our specialties was coming up with absurd titles of our own, a contest Diane won going away one morning by giving the title "Days of Whine and Neuroses" to a review of a complaining memoir about growing up in India. The title was turned down as insufficiently serious.

Diane had a strong streak of common sense, and, what usually goes along with it, an equally strong distaste for nonsense. In those days, hers was a good mind that had not yet discovered the right subject to which to apply itself. Toward the end of her *New Leader* days, she found it, through the encouragement of Lawrence Cremin at Columbia Teacher's College, in education, its history and

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contemporary practice, upon which she has since written with great energy and distinction.

My own role on the *New Leader* was distinctly minor. While working there, I was never asked to write for the magazine; nor did I step forward to request to do so. I brought in a few new writers, though none whose presence greatly altered the tone or general direction of the magazine. Mostly, I worked on manuscripts, trying to edit them into readability. Many of the magazine's contributors in those days were European émigrés who had not yet mastered English. Walter Lacqueur, who has long since become an elegantly efficient writer on contemporary history, in 1962 was not yet confident in his English composition. Boris Nicolaevsky, the Sovietologist, wrote, as I recall, rather *Pninistic* English, which needed to be put on a gurney and sent into the operating room. Writers on such abstract subjects as arms control, Sovietology, and foreign policy were not much interested in lilting prose style. Some of the magazine's English contributors—a then young Labour MP named David Marquand comes to mind—would send in pieces written in longhand on yellow foolscap that didn't need a word or comma changed.

A man then in his middle eighties named William Bohn, who had served as nominal editor during S.M. Levitas's time, had a column that required heavy reworking, sometimes near total rewriting. His column presented what I thought of as "a typewriter job," in which one put a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter and rewrote from scratch. Bohn never complained; maybe he never read himself, at least in my version. Dwight Macdonald, a writer I then much admired, wrote a letter to the editor calling one of William Bohn's columns—a column I completely rewrote—a small classic. This was my biggest thrill in copyediting.

I frequently edited Reinhold Niebuhr, the Protestant theologian whose name still had intellectual cachet and who continued writing for the *New Leader* probably long after he had much to say. He had had a stroke, and one of its effects was to cause him much of the time to forget that a typewriter has a space bar. Many of his sentences read as if they were multiple-choice propositions, permitting an editor to go any one of three different ways with it or eliminate it entirely (none of the above). The novelty singer Chubby Checker was then in his brief heyday, and, Niebuhr's raw copy on my desk, I would sometime rise, and, going into a brief dance, sing a few lines of "Come on Reinie, let's do the twist."

I owe to the *New Leader* two things: first, a small skill for working with other people's writing, which, perhaps, helped me in shaping my own prose style; and, second, certain knowledge that I had no deep interest in the intricacies of foreign policy. Although I edited articles about polycentrism in the Communist world, one-party rule in Africa, the activities of Falangists in Spain, revolutionary parties in Peru, debates about the Common Market, and economic trends in the Benelux countries (are there still Benelux countries?), once the articles left my desk they also left my mind. The rhythms of the news were not my rhythms.

My own politics in those days were what I would now call a lazy leftism. I thought of myself as vaguely socialist, if still anti-Communist, a man interested in social justice without any particular plan on how to acquire it, an automatic (if not very happy) Democratic voter. Voting for a Republican, for anything, was more than I, otherwise not an unimaginative person, could conceive. Not many politicians or policies could pass my lofty lefty standard; in this I resembled the man who complains about every synagogue he's ever been in, and when asked his own affiliation, replies, "Unobserving Orthodox."

John F. Kennedy was president of the United States when I was at the *New Leader*, and my own view of him was that he was a business-as-usual politician, perhaps a bit better tailored and more carefully managed than most others, but not much more: weak on doing anything about civil rights in the South and not notably courageous in taking unpopular positions generally. (I still believe this, and continue to find the relentless apotheosis of this politician whose father's money bought him the presidency hard to fathom.) On the Friday afternoon that word came into the *New Leader* office that he had been shot in Dallas, my first thought was, "Hell, we'll have to remake the whole damn magazine." That, I have long since confirmed, is not a bad example of how journalists really think.

I'm not sure exactly how long I remained at the *New Leader*, but I was mentally no longer fully there when, sometime after the conclusion of my first year, the editor called me in to say that he appreciated all my efforts, adding that without my help he couldn't have brought the magazine out. Joel Blocker, he told me, was obviously looking for another job, and he realized that he couldn't any longer rely on him, and so many of Joel's tasks fell to me. He was grateful to me, and he was giving me an $800 raise, and only wished it could have been more. (When I recently told this story to someone, she asked, "You mean $800 a year?" Yep, a year.)

A week or two later, over drinks after work, Blocker told me that he was indeed looking for another job, and had been for some time. There was no place to go at the *New Leader*, and he didn't think the magazine was likely to go any place either. "Besides," he said, "Kolatch gave

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me a lousy thousand-dollar raise, which is pretty damn pathetic." That last sentence put *fini* to my own days at the *New Leader*; emotionally at any rate, I was out of there. I myself began to think about looking for a new job.

I began shopping myself around as an editor at other magazines, with a textbook publisher in Chicago, at NBC television news. (Roughly a year later, owing to domestic complications, I returned to Little Rock, where I worked in an urban renewal agency and then as the director of the Pulaski County antipoverty program.) A magazine editor noted for the directness of his views, after gazing down at my résumé during a job interview, looked up and said, "I consider anything good in the *New Leader* is there by accident." I did not, I regret to say, have a triumphant comeback. The magazine, true enough, apart from occasionally interesting criticism in its back pages, was pretty dull.

The obvious reason was that not many of its articles were sought by the editors; most things came in over the transom, with others commissioned for altogether too obvious reasons: the dull piece on midterm elections from the dullish man who was then CBS's White House correspondent, the bundle of articles reporting on youth around the world by an Indian who wrote for the *Christian Science Monitor* and other regular contributors, the usual Sovietological extrapolations caused by the absence of some Politburo member from the photograph taken at the most recent Communist party congress (interesting that no Sovietologist came close to calling the demise of the Soviet Union). The phrase "he could have mailed it in," in its current meaning of half-hearted effort, applied to lots that appeared in the magazine during the time that I worked there.

The one exciting piece I recall from my days there was initiated by Mike Kolatch. After reading an essay of Irving Howe's about how Ralph Ellison and other black (then Negro) writers ought to be more out in the open with their protests about racial injustice in America, Kolatch got in touch with Ellison to invite him to respond in the pages of the *New Leader*. Ellison's response was a whiplash blast at Howe for his effrontery in telling another man what opinions he ought to have and how he should express them and, ultimately, what kind of writer he needs to be. Howe replied, wanly, and Ellison, replying to the reply, body-slammed Howe onto the mat once again. It made for superior intellectual journalism.

In defense of the *New Leader*'s dullness, it had almost no money to pay its contributors—some professional journalists received $25 or $50 for their contributions—and so it had to print what it was offered or could scare up, after an editorial rinsing, of course. When there was a contribution from a well-known writer, there was a slight odor of the bottom of the desk drawer about it. I once wrote to Dwight Macdonald, praising him and suggesting he write something—I don't remember what—for the magazine, apologizing for the smallness of the fee we could offer. He thanked me for the praise and suggested that, to arrive at his customary fee, I attempt fund-raising.

Then, too, the magazine's reason for being, anti-communism, or the defense of freedom vis-à-vis communism, was losing its old motive force as the magazine's central interest: Stalin was dead, the Soviets had been backed down in the Cuban missile crisis, Khrushchev and the shabby characters who followed him in leading the Soviet Union seemed a good deal less menacing than their precursors.

But the true reason for the dullness of the *New Leader* I think was revealed in an interview that Mike Kolatch gave to Charles McGrath of the *New York Times* at the announcement of the magazine's ending publication. "I'm essentially an apolitical person," Kolatch said in that interview. "I can't stand ideologies." Everyone of course hates ideologies, and an ideologue is usually what you call the person who, in a political argument, doesn't agree with you. But for a man who has edited a political magazine for more than 40 years to say that he is "essentially apolitical" seems striking.

Let me quickly say that I believe Mike Kolatch. He had no line, and, apart from a steadfast anti-communism, took few strong positions. Still, his saying that he "is essentially apolitical" is rather like the editor of *Poetry* saying, "Poems—take 'em or leave 'em"; or the editor of *Field & Stream* saying that he doesn't get out-of-doors all that much.

Mike Kolatch's idea, then, was to run a magazine that was liberal (in the older, civilized meaning of the term), centrist, and educational in the sense of setting out the great political questions and issues of the day without a strong political *parti pris*. "I guess I had this naive notion that we had a very intelligent audience that didn't need to be told how to think, how to vote, what to do," Kolatch told the *Times*.

Within the *New Leader*'s serious limitations—of money, brilliant contributors, a large readership—the magazine may, for all I know, have accomplished what it set out to do. I say "for all I know" because on those occasions when I saw a copy, scanning its contents and contributors' names, I found myself easily able to resist buying it. The question that the recent history of the *New Leader* poses is, Can you run a political magazine without having firm political beliefs, demonstrating political passion, and taking clear positions? The *New Leader* shows it can indeed be done, so long as you don't expect many people to read it. ♦

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CNP / Corbis / Ron Sachs

Camp X-Ray, Guantánamo, 2002

Freedom at War

Civil liberties in the age of terrorism By Peter Berkowitz

In late June, Linda Greenhouse of the *New York Times* breathlessly reported on the front page, above the fold and under a big headline, that in the just-announced case of *Hamdan* v. *Rumsfeld*, the Supreme Court "shredded each of the administration's arguments." The decision—which held that, as organized, the military tribunals the Bush administration had created to try unlawful combatants seized on the battlefield in Afghanistan, were contrary to federal law and a provision of the Geneva Conventions—was, Greenhouse gushed, "a sweeping and categorical defeat for the Bush administration."

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Indeed, she proclaimed, the decision was a "historic event, a definitional moment in the ever-shifting balance of power among the branches of government that ranked with the court's order to President Nixon in 1974 to turn over the Watergate tapes or with the court's rejection of President Harry S. Truman's seizing [in 1952] of the nation's steel mills."

Not a Suicide Pact
The Constitution in a Time of National Emergency
by Richard A. Posner
Oxford, 208 pp., $18.95

Never mind that the Court had not questioned the government's right to detain Salim Ahmed Hamdan, allegedly Osama bin Laden's driver and bodyguard, without charge or trial, as an unlawful combatant, until such time as the conflict between the United States and al Qaeda comes to an end. Never mind that, in a paragraph-long concurring opinion, Justice Breyer emphasized that much, if not all, of the military tribunal procedures designed by the Bush administration would pass legal muster if explicitly authorized by Congress. Never mind that the Court's opinion commanded only a narrow five-justice majority. And never mind that Justices Scalia, Thomas, and Alito each authored powerful dissents that elaborated serious objections to which the majority's principal legal arguments are exposed. (Chief Justice Roberts did not participate in the case because, as judge on the D.C. Court of Appeals, he joined the opinion, which *Hamdan* reversed, upholding the administration's military tribunals.)

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What was truly remarkable about Greenhouse's performance—her lengthy article was not an op-ed column or piece of "news analysis" but a news story of the sort customarily intended to provide a dispassionate and well-rounded account of the facts—was the omission of a single reference to the features of America's national security situation that motivated the Bush administration to turn to the use of military tribunals. In this failure to put national security considerations into the balance, let alone give them their due weight, Greenhouse and her editors at the *Times* typify the complacency and shortsightedness in thinking about constitutional rights and the war on terror that Judge Richard Posner's trenchant new book seeks to correct.

Rarely ceasing to amaze over the last three decades or so with the range of his intellectual interests and the acuteness of his analytical powers (and occasionally with the irreverence of his observations and unconventionality of his conclusions), Posner has, in the last several years, turned his attention to questions of national security. In 2004 he published *Catastrophe*, a book on the regulation of grave but remote risk: For example, what policy should government adopt if a physics experiment poses a truly extraordinary harm—say, the destruction of the planet—but the harm has an exceedingly remote likelihood, perhaps a one-in-fifty-million chance, of coming to pass? And in the last year, Posner published *Preventing Surprise Attacks*, and a sequel, *Uncertain Shield*, which explore the nature of intelligence-gathering and analysis, the strengths and weaknesses of our pre-9/11 intelligence system, and post-9/11 reform efforts. (Both volumes appear under the imprint of Hoover Studies, a series for which I serve as co-general editor.)

With his new book, Posner carries forward his analysis of national security questions into the sphere of constitutional law. True to the pragmatic approach to judging that he has long championed, Posner grounds his analysis of national security law and the Constitution in an appreciation of concrete circumstances. The danger posed by jihadist terror, according to Posner, is novel, grave, and growing. As he explains with characteristic vigor, this is partly because of the weapons increasingly at our enemies' disposal:

> [I]n the early years of the twenty-first century, the nation faces the intertwined menaces of global terrorism and proliferation of weapons of mass destruction. A city can be destroyed by an atomic bomb the size of a melon, which if coated with lead would be undetectable. Large stretches of a city can be rendered uninhabitable, perhaps for decades, merely by the explosion of a conventional bomb that has been coated with radioactive material. Smallpox virus bioengineered to make it even more toxic and vaccines ineffectual, then aerosolized and sprayed in a major airport, might kill millions of people. Our terrorist enemies have the will to do such things and abundant opportunities, because our borders are porous both to enemies and to containers. They will soon have the means as well. The march of technology has increased the variety and lethality of weapons of mass destruction, especially the biological, and also and critically their accessibility. Aided by the disintegration of the Soviet Union and the acquisition of nuclear weapons by unstable nations (Pakistan and North Korea, soon to be joined, in all likelihood, by Iran), technological progress is making weapons of mass destruction ever more accessible both to terrorist groups (and even individuals) and to hostile nations that are not major powers. The problem of proliferation is more serious today than it was in what now seem the almost halcyon days of the Cold War; it will be even more serious tomorrow.

The danger is further defined by the jihadists' character, ideology, and tactics. We know that "they are numerous, fanatical, implacable, elusive, resourceful, resilient, utterly ruthless, seemingly fearless, apocalyptic in their aims, and eager to get their hands on weapons of mass destruction and use them against us." But because they do not represent a nation-state, and thus have neither territory nor population for which they are responsible, we do not know very much about "their current number, leaders, locations, resources, supporters, motivations, and plans; and in part because of our ignorance, we have no strategy for defeating them, only for fighting them."

The knowledge of concrete circumstances emphasized by pragmatists, Posner stresses, is critical when it comes to understanding the Constitution and the rights to which it gives rise. Constitutional rights, he argues, are not specified by the text of the Constitution, nor are they derivable from it by a single governing principle or a unique scientific or logical method. Rather, constitutional rights are created by justices interpreting the Constitution with a view to the moral and political consequences of their rulings.

Take the First Amendment. To be sure, it provides rights to freedom of speech, religion, press, and association. But it is the Supreme Court, over the centuries, that has determined the shape and scope of these rights, concluding, for example, that generally government may restrict speech on the basis of time, place, and manner, but not on the basis of content or viewpoint, and that the free exercise of religion is not wide enough to include prayer in school.

Posner's writings can give the disconcerting impression that sufficiently clever judges are free to reach whatever results they like. That is not his argument here. He recognizes that many legal controversies are resolved by straightforward application of the law. But in hard cases, where traditional legal materials—constitutional text, history, structure, and the holdings of previous cases—fail to yield a single lawful answer, justices ought to craft legal rules that serve the nation's moral and political requirements. Or rather, Posner believes that justices should do this more deliberately and forthrightly.

In reality, he argues, in the difficult and divisive constitutional cases, the very ones to which the public pays the most attention and which appear to have the largest political implications, justices reach their decision in much the same way that ordinary citizens make nonlegal decisions, "by balancing the anticipated consequences of

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alternative outcomes and picking the one that creates the greatest preponderance of good over bad effects."

Because the Supreme Court's legal conclusions about constitutional rights are, and ought to be, "heavily influenced by contemporary needs and conditions," they involve, in the final analysis, substantial policy judgments that result in the making of new law.

This may sound like an endorsement of judicial activism, but, according to Posner, it isn't. Indeed, he thinks that the pragmatic approach favors judicial restraint. Precisely because of the inevitably large pragmatic element in the adjudication of constitutional rights, justices should be restrained in invalidating the acts of the political branches. This is because Congress and the president are better equipped to weigh the actual or likely consequences of laws and policies, and they are better positioned to bring failed social and political experiments to an end.

Much of Posner's writing about the practice of judging over the last decade has been calculated to rile moral philosophers who believe that reason itself can decide hard cases, and to provoke law professors who insist on the autonomy of legal reasoning. However, this time around, his exposition of the pragmatic dimension of judicial decision-making has an eminently practical purpose: to show the path that national security law should take in the war against Islamic extremism. The key is to appreciate that the Constitution itself requires courts to balance two competing interests or goods, individual liberty and public safety.

Drawing on central insights of the law and economics school, of which he is a founding father, and translating them into terms suitable for dealing with hard constitutional cases, Posner sets forth the appropriate balancing test:

> Ideally, in the case of a right (for example, the right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures) that could be asserted against government measures for protecting national security, one would like to locate the point at which a slight expansion in the scope of the right would subtract more from public safety than it would add to personal liberty and a slight contraction would subtract more from personal liberty than it would add to public safety. That is the point of balance, and determines the optimal scope of the right. The point shifts continuously as threats to liberty and safety wax and wane. At no time can the exact point be located. Yet to imagine it the object of our quest is useful in underscoring that the balance between liberty and safety must be struck at the margin. One is not to ask whether liberty is more or less important than safety. One is to ask whether a particular security measure harms liberty more or less than it promotes safety.

Richard A. Posner

Photographer Showcase / Jay Mallin

Of course, different justices will attach different weights to liberty and security, and come to different conclusions about the impact of specific measures on liberty and security. Posner does not deny or fear these difficulties. The purpose of his balancing test is not to eliminate but to refine the role of judgment in constitutional adjudication.

It follows that, at the margins, constitutional rights will and should vary with the threat that the nation faces. Posner recognizes that libertarians of both the left and right will decry this approach. They will prefer clear rules with very few exceptions—that, for instance, political speech can only be prohibited if it involves an incitement to crimes. They will also tend to discount the national security threat by treating terrorism as a species of crime. And they will warn darkly of the historical tendency of the government to chip away steadily at civil liberties in wartime in the name of dangers that eventually turn out to be far-fetched.

To these libertarian objections, Posner replies that the rigidity of rules is disadvantageous when the constitutional terrain is as rocky and unfamiliar as it is in the case of jihadist terror. Further, he contends, unlike criminals but like traditional armies, Muslim extremists seek to cripple the state, and increasingly will have the means to do so, and thus pose a quantitatively and qualitatively different sort of threat than that for which the criminal law was designed.

Posner notes that what American history actually reveals is that, early on, when the enemy is poorly understood, government does truncate civil liberties—Lincoln's suspension of habeas corpus, FDR's internment of Japanese citizens, McCarthyite purges of suspected Communists—but that, as wars wear on, and well before they end, the government acquires an understanding of the adversary that allows it to continue to fight without further circumscribing civil liberties.

Posner admonishes those libertarians who would brook no trade-offs in civil liberties, in exchange for heightened security measures, for missing the larger picture. Nothing, he points out, is more sure to bring about a severe restriction of civil liberties in

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America than the backlash following the failure to prevent another 9/11, or worse.

Posner puts his balancing test to work on several of the novel and difficult legal issues raised by the war on terror, including questions concerning detention, interrogation, search and surveillance, speech, and privacy. Posner's reasoning, though debatable, is invariably illuminating, and overall demonstrates that the Constitution, pragmatically interpreted, is both sturdy and flexible, capable in the war we are now waging of protecting liberty and maintaining security.

Consider his treatment of the detention and interrogation of enemy combatants. To determine the minimum protections, under the Constitution, to which terrorists are entitled, it is necessary to classify terrorists correctly. Because they are making war on the United States by threatening the nation's political sovereignty and territorial integrity, they are not criminals, and therefore they are not entitled to the procedural protections that the Constitution provides those accused of criminal wrongdoing.

However, because they violate the laws of war by fighting without a regular command structure, without uniforms, without carrying their weapons openly, and by targeting civilians, terrorists are not entitled to the procedural protections that cover prisoners of war, or lawful enemy combatants, under international law. So what rights does the Constitution provide for unlawful enemy combatants?

It depends, argues Posner. If unlawful combatants are foreigners and are captured and detained abroad, the case is simple: They have no rights under the Constitution. If a U.S. citizen is detained on suspicion of being an unlawful combatant, then, as *Hamdi* v. *Rumsfeld* concluded, the Constitution protects his right to habeas corpus, which gives him the chance to challenge the grounds of his detention in front of an impartial decision-maker.

If the noncitizen, unlawful combatant is captured abroad, but transferred to U.S. territory, then (according to the Court's 1946 *Yamashita* decision) he, too, is entitled to the writ of habeas corpus. In 2004, the Supreme Court held in *Rasul* v. *Bush* that foreign persons detained as unlawful combatants at Guantánamo, which technically is not U.S. territory, also had the right to contest their detention.

Is this good constitutional law? For the most part, Posner thinks that protecting the right of habeas corpus for citizens held as unlawful combatants strikes the proper balance between security and liberty. He would extend that protection to foreigners captured and detained in the United States on suspicion of being terrorists. After all, he points out, there is a much greater risk of mistakenly ascribing to an individual membership in a terrorist organization than of mistakenly ascribing to him membership in a nation-state's armed forces. And giving detainees a limited opportunity to convince an impartial decision-maker that they have been wrongly detained poses only a small threat to national security. (Limits on this opportunity may include permitting the holding of a suspected terrorist for a reasonable period before any hearing and, at the hearings, placing a heavy burden of proof on the detainee.)

Once detained, what methods of interrogation does the Constitution permit the government to employ to elicit information from unlawful enemy combatants? Does the Constitution permit torture? Setting aside for the moment America's international law obligations under the Convention against Torture, Posner points out that the Constitution, which regulates the gathering of evidence, interrogations, trials, and punishments in criminal cases, has very little to say about the acquisition of information from terrorists for the purpose of preventing death and destruction.

The currently applicable constitutional rule is that methods of interrogation that "shock the conscience" are unlawful. But, as Posner points out, this test is sensitive to context: "What shocks the conscience depends on circumstances. In life-and-death circumstances the use of even highly coercive methods of interrogation is unlikely to shock the conscience of most people, even thoughtful and humane ones."

Yet not all highly coercive methods of interrogation rise to the level of torture, which, according to the Convention against Torture, is defined as the infliction of severe physical or mental suffering. Nevertheless, Posner is convinced that "torture is warranted to avert a greater evil." But warranted is not the same as constitutional or lawful.

Even though he believes that many consciences would not be shocked by the decision to shove knives under a person's fingernails to obtain knowledge about the location of a nuclear weapon set to explode in a few hours in Washington, Posner concludes that it would be unwise to hold that the Constitution permits torture. In cases of emergency, where torture is warranted but not constitutional, Posner the pragmatist prefers "to trust public officers to perceive and act on a moral duty that is higher than their legal duty." This approach regards torture as a form of morally and politically justified civil disobedience. In the event, it requires public officials to explain the necessity of their conduct in a court of law, and counts on judges to take account of the necessity under which public officials acted in ordering torture.

The alternative is codifying the circumstances in which torture is lawful. Posner believes that the costs of codification are too high. The costs include the constraint security officials will feel in confronting novel circumstances not dreamt of by the lawmakers, and the open invitation to lawmakers created by codification to constantly expand the boundaries of the legally permissible.

As with his analysis of detention and interrogation, Posner's explorations of surveillance, speech, privacy, and sundry other legal issues raised by the war on jihadist terror reflect the view that "law must adjust to necessity born of emergency." It is Posner's large achievement in this small book to show that this adjustment—difficult and contentious though it may be—is necessary, just, and constitutional. ♦

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Why Rome Fell

The Empire was weak, the Barbarians were strong.

BY J.E. LENDON

Alaric the Visigoth enters Rome

Bettmann / Corbis

The calm of the vale of academe is broken by a shotgun crack, and Peter Heather has bagged a wild gobbler. His prey is the idea—grown plump and wattled over the last 30 years—that there was a separate period of European history, Late Antiquity, nested between the height of the Roman empire and the Middle Ages, and rejoicing in a distinctive common culture. Where once the late Roman empire (say, A.D. 280-410)—threatened, but still identifiably both Roman and empire—was followed by the early Middle Ages, when barbarous kings squatted over a shattered West, now both are confounded in a single gigantic epoch that sometimes reaches back into the second century A.D. and forward into the tenth.

The Fall of the Roman Empire
A New History of Rome and the Barbarians
by Peter Heather
Oxford, 576 pp., $40.00

This monstrosity cleverly exploits the intellectual consequences of the old academic periods of study: Classicists know nothing about the Middle Ages, and medievalists next to nothing about Rome, so no wonder they cannot see the difference. And, naturally, when students began to be trained only in "Late Antique Studies," they knew neither what came before nor what came after, so it all looked the same to them.

No convincing commonality was ever found between the disparate times and peoples that made up Late Antiquity, and the attempts to find such common ground contributed to the desperate triviality of so much academic work on the era: the fixation on magic and sex, on dream interpretation and bizarre religious enthusiasms—what has aptly been called the "Jerry Springerization of Late Antiquity."

But faith in a seamless Late Antiquity also required flattening obvious differences: If A.D. 300 and A.D. 500 were much the same, it would not do to have epoch-breaking barbarian invasions around A.D. 400. And so the barbarians were made into victims—innocent, wide-eyed, colonized folk—and all the apparatus of PC special pleading was employed to argue away the barbarian invasions. The fall of Rome became a "transition," or even a multicultural "experiment." Rather than killing the Romans and plundering their goods, seizing their farms, and raping their daughters, the barbarians came in like diversity facilitators, teaching the grateful Romans to be tolerant of alternative lifestyles and live close to nature.

In fact, the fall of the Roman empire in the West is the clearest boundary between eras in all of European history: Far clearer than the transition from the Middle Ages into the Early Modern period, far clearer than the moment when Early Modern gave rise to real modern, far clearer than the divide between the modern and what we are living in now—if, indeed, we have crossed such a divide. And at last this historical canyon is being rediscovered.

In *The Fall of Rome and the End of Civilization* (2005), Peter Heather's Oxford colleague Bryan Ward-Perkins catalogued all the things that changed in the West when Rome fell: The disappearance (in Britain, for example) of building in stone and brick, of making pottery on the wheel, of money—and of writing. He showed that, over great expanses of the West, the standard of living fell to a level more primitive than it had been before the Romans arrived. If common sense reigned, Ward-Perkins would never have needed to write his book: He simply demonstrated with greater rigor (and glee) what everybody knew from the age of Gibbon until the coming of the Late Antiquity fad. But it is a symp-

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tom of the malign spread of that vogue that Ward-Perkins must be thanked earnestly for having so ruthlessly proved his point.

In *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, Peter Heather moves on from Ward-Perkins to ask why this collapse occurred. He, too, reasserts the old common sense solution: the barbarian invasions. The tale of those invasions, and of Roman politics in their time, Heather tells accurately and enjoyably, with a good sense of anecdote. There is no false academic dignity here; instead we hear of "the merry crack of axe on skull" and "nothing like a little fart joke to lighten the mood." And there are traces of the trade-military-history style in which every victory is crushing, every defeat devastating, and where images are cheerfully overwrought: "Geiseric's forces were looming directly over the jugular vein of the western Empire" and "Aetius was contemplating sending his trusty breastplate to the cleaners."

But there are fine epigrams, too—"finally the scourge of God went to meet his employer"—and the whole is an unusual pleasure to read for a book about antiquity, a field where the rhetorical bombast of the ancient authors seems so often to have stunned modern students into pallid stylelessness. There are wonders here that might stump even Martha Stewart: Once one has captured a Roman emperor (as the Persian King Shapur did in the third century A.D.) and skinned him and tanned his hide, should one use him as a rug or a wall-hanging?

Heather's rampaging barbarians trample the fantasy of a happy and sharing Late Antiquity: Their coming was not a celebratory weenie roast after a naturalization ceremony, but a cataclysm. But why could the rampage occur? Rome had always faced barbarians across its northern frontiers. Why, after centuries of holding the barbarians off—even crossing the rivers to thrash them when their misdeeds or Roman politics demanded—did the borders suddenly collapse in the decade after A.D. 400? Either the Romans became weaker or the barbarians stronger.

Ever since Gibbon, who sought in Christianity the cause of the empire's moral decay, the great weight of opinion has been on the side of domestic decline. Mostly of that nature were the 210 causes proposed for the fall of Rome—including lead-poisoning and that dangerous luxury, bathing—which had piled up by the time a hard-working German collected them in 1984. But Heather, refreshingly, argues instead for stronger barbarians. Centuries of fighting the Romans compelled Rome's neighbors to become stronger for their own defense; and when a yet stronger power (the Huns) pushed them west, they were ultimately strong enough to break into the empire.

The Spartans were said to have an ancient law that forbade them from fighting the same enemies too often, lest those foes become better warriors than the Spartans. Peter Heather draws the same fearful lesson from the fall of Rome. ♦

Albright at Prayer

The former secretary of state takes on religion, and wrestles it to the ground. **BY ELIZABETH EDWARDS SPALDING**

Madeleine Albright, former secretary of state and ambassador to the United Nations, wants to impart timely insights about God, America, and the world. But *The Mighty and the Almighty* might better have been called the Gospel according to Bill, as recorded by Madeleine.

This is a superficial book about one of the most important topics of the day. Most people understand that matters of faith have always influenced politics. It is the experts—like those in the field of foreign policy—who have tried to eradicate religion from public affairs. Albright is to be commended for directly addressing the relationship between faith and politics, especially since she comes out of the largely secular-realist strain in U.S. foreign policy. But it is a pity that she offers platitudes, rather than substantive reflections, about the central themes of realism, religion, and foreign policy.

The Mighty and the Almighty
Reflections on America, God, and World Affairs
by Madeleine Albright
HarperCollins, 352 pp., $25.95

Elizabeth Edwards Spalding, assistant professor of government at Claremont McKenna College, is the author of The First Cold Warrior: Harry Truman, Containment, and the Remaking of Liberal Internationalism.

American realists have had to adapt their approach to fit the United States. The theory holds that nation-states are the main actors in the world; regime differences do not matter in interactions between states; power and influence are the key indicators of a state's strength and goals; there is a hierarchy of states; and negotiated peace defined primarily in terms of order and stability is the highest achievable end.

Albright practiced a revised realism in the Clinton administration, following in the footsteps of, most notably, Henry Kissinger. These American realists still believe in hardcore realism, but they grant a special place to the American model of democratic government. They do not always know what to do with America, but they intuit there is something admirable about it. In the case of Albright, Kissinger, or Zbigniew Brzezinski—all realists and all immigrants who fled Nazi or Communist tyranny—this is

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especially true. Their adopted country is not perfect, but they know that it is better than the alternatives.

This is also a specious book about faith and politics. In addition to looking at the role of religion in world affairs, Albright purports to be writing about America and God. But she does not take faith seriously. Her analysis of religion espoused by anyone on the right is a caricature. Albright clumsily links the Christian right in the United States to the "religious conservatives in pre-revolutionary Iran" and depicts conservative Christians as foreigners in their own country; elsewhere, she all but equates Jerry Falwell with al Qaeda. Although she briefly criticizes the far left for focusing on the blemishes in U.S. history, she stresses the parallel "between religious fundamentalism and the unquestioning jingoism that views all of history through a narrowly American lens. Both traits are fed by a desire for certainty, a hunger for solid answers on which to build a comforting and coherent picture of the world."

Albright fears certainty and rebukes those who believe in absolutes. As a result, she indicts George W. Bush and other conservative Christians for the sin of self-righteousness that comes from "a tendency to believe that one has learned all there is to know." Her main criticism of Bush on policy grounds is that his core convictions led America from 9/11 to "the invasion and prolonged occupation of a country that had nothing to do with the 9/11 attacks." In this view, Bush and al Qaeda are equally guilty of the same rhetorical excesses.

And finally, this is an amoral book about faith and morals. Albright describes herself as an optimistic and hopeful Christian, although with doubts, who was raised a Roman Catholic with a Jewish heritage that had to be hidden from the Nazis. Never mentioning her present religious affiliation, she respects other religions because "they are reaching for the same truth, though from a different angle." But while she expresses her Christian faith—or, more precisely, quotes other Christians expressing their faith—she is a relativist when it comes to putting that faith into action.

Reuters Photo Archive

Madeleine Albright, John Paul II, 1998

To be fair, she does not completely sever "doing what works best" from "doing what is right," as a pure realist would do, but she sees them as more parallel than connected. Her spin on realism, then, is not grounded in anything good but in the rejection of what all can agree to be bad: specifically, al Qaeda. So, more accurately, we might call her a half-relativist.

Nowhere does this half-relativism come out more plainly than in Albright's misuse of Jesus and Abraham Lincoln. In a central paragraph criticizing Bush for his certainty—his absolute conviction in seeing the fight against terror as a battle between evil and good—Albright is quick to say, "If Al Qaeda is not evil, nothing is." Immediately following, though, she asks, "But who is completely good?" Even Jesus of Nazareth, she adds, when called "good master" by a stranger, responded, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God."

This complex passage from the Gospel of Mark—where Jesus also tells the rich man to follow the commandments, give up his earthly wealth in order to have treasure in heaven, and follow him, and then preaches to his disciples that it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, but that all things are possible with God and that "many who are first shall come last, and the last shall come first"—seems to make no impression on Albright. Her out-of-context interpretation of Jesus' teaching instead leads to the declaration that the war on terror should not be considered a battle between evil and good but between evil and "pretty good," or between evil and "not bad," or between evil and "doing the best we can."

Lincoln receives similar contextual abuse. Perhaps, Albright says, we should adopt Lincoln's formulation and call the war on terror a fight between evil and "right as God gives us to see the right." For Albright, Lincoln is also a relativist and proves that Bush is a self-righteous absolutist rather than a confident leader. She does not grasp that Lincoln based his second inaugural address on the self-evidence of human equality and the rightness of the Union's cause. Indeed, the second inaugural is Lincoln's most powerful presidential statement on religion, morality, and politics, comprehending that while both sides "read the same Bible, and pray to the same God," the scourge of war may well be the necessary atonement for the national sin of slavery, for "the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether." But in her half-relativism, Albright uses Lincoln to argue that Westerners have to be moral relativists, even though radical Islamists are not.

In the end, Bill Clinton eclipses both God and Lincoln. Unfortunately, Albright gets him right where she gets Lincoln and Jesus wrong, and

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Clinton only buttresses her half-relativism. "[T]he whole shooting match, the whole shebang," she recounts him saying to her, is whether we are willing to admit that we are not in possession of the whole truth. "It is OK," he adds, "to say you believe your religion is true, even truer than other faiths, but not that you are in possession in this life of a hundred percent of the truth." She goes on to cite Clinton quoting Saint Paul on the difference between life on Earth and in heaven: "For now I see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known by God."

To use this well-known passage from Corinthians about the meaning of charity—self-sacrificial love—as an argument for moral relativism is incredible. Knowing "in part" did not prevent Paul from knowing, or striving to know, the truth. What Paul meant was that full knowledge would come in eternal life when he saw God face to face.

Whether she finds it in al Qaeda or the Christian right, Albright is afraid of absolutism. In her efforts to avoid everything that could be called absolute, she cannot say that anything is ultimately true. As she puts it toward the end of the book, "Wisdom comes from learning, which comes from education. The heart of education is the search for truth. But there are many kinds of truth." She then stresses that Bill Clinton reminds us that none can claim full title to the truth, and that America can only hope for leadership at home and abroad "that will inspire us to look for the best in ourselves and in others." Inspiring leadership—and comfortable followership—replaces both religious faith and principled statesmanship.

Albright again co-opts Lincoln—appealing to "the better angels of our nature" and fighting in a just cause but never claiming a monopoly on virtue—as support for both Clinton and herself. We must lead in a divided world, according to Albright, as Lincoln led a divided country. But she appropriates Lincoln, whose "better angels of our nature" from his first inaugural is in defense of preserving the Union, in order to conclude that "we should blend realism with idealism, placing morality near the center of our foreign policy even while we debate different understandings of what morality means."

Albright deserves credit for acknowledging that religion is part of public life in both domestic and foreign policy. But she looks through a glass darkly, with dim vision that never strives to see the truth of God, America, or international politics face to face. ♦

Saluting the Canon

The liberal arts are alive and well—at military academies. **BY MARK BAUERLEIN**

The students take their seats, pull out their pencils, and open their books as they would in any college classroom in America. Here, though, they show up in gray cadet uniforms, gleaming black shoes, and closely cropped hair, not the hip-hugger jeans and baseball caps so popular on other campuses. The younger ones have walked to class at a brisk, regulated pace—120 strides per minute—passing along the quad two armored vehicles and a church whose motto reads, "Remember Now Thy Creator in the Days of Thy Youth." Ask any of them directions and they begin with "Yes, sir," and part with "You're welcome, sir."

When Colonel Leonard enters the room, they turn to the day's text:

> *Awake my St. John! Leave all meaner things*
> *To low ambition and the pride of kings.*
> *Let us (since life can little more supply*
> *Than just to look about us, and to die)*
> *Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;*
> *A mighty maze! but not without a plan.*

This is English 201—Major British Writers at The Citadel, the 164-year-old military college in Charleston, South Carolina. Colonel Leonard is the English Department chairman, a Brown Ph.D. and scholar of Mark Twain who has taught at the college for 23 years. One student whispers to me, "Colonel Leonard is the best darn English teacher I've ever had." For the next hour, he leads them through Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man* in the customary way, explaining themes, counting metrics, and asking questions.

Eight hundred miles north, on a bluff above the Hudson River, West Point cadets prepare for an hour of English 385—The Novel. They've already covered *Moll Flanders*, *Dracula*, and *Native Son*, and today's text is *The Bone People*, a 1985 Booker Prize winner from New Zealand. Fifteen cadets (three of them female) stand at attention when Lieutenant Colonel Lester Knotts steps to the podium and, with a smile, puts on some leisurely beach guitar music to set the scene in the novel.

What follows is 45 minutes of classic dialectic. A line from the novel is chosen: "To care for anything deeply is to invite disaster." Is that true in the novel? Colonel Knotts asks. Is it true in life? Cadets respond, and are pressed to clarify points and find evidence. Those who hesitate are pushed harder, and mumblings of disagreement are heeded and challenged. One maintains, "Excessive entanglement

Mark Bauerlein, professor of English at Emory, is the author, most recently, of Negrophobia: A Race Riot in Atlanta, 1906.

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between emotion and belief is dangerous"—unusual words for a 19-year-old. Another applies politically incorrect notions of European civility and native savagery to the characters, but others dispute him without the moral disapproval typical of the civilian classroom. A female cadet questions a theme Colonel Knotts has chosen—"damsel in distress"—and when another argues, "Alcohol has been a social and emotional lubricant for thousands of years," it's time to go.

Many of the young men and women at The Citadel will join the armed services after graduation, not become teachers or writers. Thirty-eight percent of them do, and President Roger Poole, who earned a B.A. in English at The Citadel in 1959, went on to a distinguished military career, his last active duty assignment being director of transportation, troop support, and energy for the Army during Desert Storm. All of the cadets at West Point are on their way to the Army, and while Lieutenant General William Lennox, the superintendent, earned a doctorate in literature at Princeton, he compiled a sterling record in a variety of field and staff assignments.

Literature is fine, but The Citadel aims to teach the martial virtues. As novelist Pat Conroy (Class of '67, B.A., English) put it in a 1999 piece in the *Charleston Post & Courier*, The Citadel is "tough and structured and Spartan." West Point's motto is "DUTY HONOR COUNTRY," not "BEAUTY TRUTH EXISTENCE." What place do poetry and epistemology have in the training of soldiers?

When I told some colleagues that I planned to visit The Citadel and West Point and find out about the humanities there, they had a ready answer. One laughed: "The humanities at military schools?! Come on. They don't want kids to think. They want them to be robots." Reading great works of the past, exploring other eras and cultures, pondering the traditions behind contemporary values, posing moral dilemmas—this is antithetical to the mind of a soldier, they believe, and so the teachers at the military schools don't want to go near edgy art and profound thought.

But the evidence on the ground shows that this is anything but the case. The English major at The Citadel is traditional and rigorous, requiring a year-long British literature survey course, a semester in Shakespeare, and a course in Chaucer or Milton. While most cadets end up pursuing military, business, or engineering careers, their English teachers try to be "subversive in a positive way," Colonel Leonard says. Whenever you hear "subversive" in an English department, it usually means "anti-American," "anti-capitalist," or "anti-Christian," but here it only signifies the reflective thinking and moral imagination that they don't encounter in other classes and in their barracks life.

In his classes he teaches feminist classics such as Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *The Yellow Wallpaper* and antiwar pieces such as William Dean Howell's *Editha*. Another professor there, Jennifer Bernstein, also sees the humanities as a complementary experience. She's only two years out of graduate school, a specialist in American antinomianism who passed through the liberal havens of NYU and CUNY before heading south to what seemed at first a foreign land. Militarism dominates the first year of cadet life, she observes, and English classes help keep that ethos from overwhelming the freshmen's educational growth. But the relation isn't adversarial. On the contrary, reared in the politically correct atmosphere of graduate school in the Northeast, she finds the honor code and moral earnestness of cadets "liberating." While her students in New York seemed to pass through their coursework haphazardly, she recalls, Citadel students "develop a coherent body of knowledge . . . they try to formulate a vision . . . they care about right and wrong."

At West Point, the department incorporates art, philosophy, and literature into a general humanities formation, one required course this year focusing on Ancient Athens. The hallways are lined with posters of Titian, Brueghel, and Vermeer, and the website advertises student clubs for jazz, film, Greek and Roman history, and creative writing. Colonel James R. Kerin, chairman of the department (Ph.D. in English, University of Pennsylvania), says that the program aims "to produce a common knowledge . . . to maintain the integrity of the broad educational experience." Although West Point is known as an engineering school, he notes, the knowledge and skills that come from exploring great works of art and literature and weighing philosophical quandaries are essential to the training of soldiers in the modern world.

Part of that training is what might be called the power of argument under fire. In one class after another, cadets are made to face difficult issues and address positions contrary to American actions and ideals. A freshman seminar I attended focused on Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, one condemning European colonialism in Africa, the other military conduct in Vietnam. Lieutenant Colonel Robert Gibson charged one cadet after another to assess the moral condition of Kurtz. Although these were teenagers a few months from high school, their replies were sharp; for example: "And even with a ship ready to bring him back to Europe, Kurtz is overcome by the African drums and tribal chants and, although he is deathly ill, finds the strength to inch back towards Congo's carnal comfort."

Another class, Philosophy 201, raised the stakes to questions of death and innocence in wartime. The reading list included Plato, Aristotle, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Hardy, and the syllabus asked students to "reflect on your beliefs while honestly and sincerely considering the merits of opposing views, evidence, and conclusions." True to that goal, Lieutenant Colonel Allen Bishop raised the day's topic, Hiroshima, and contrasted Michael Walzer's position against dropping the bomb (in *Just and Unjust Wars*) with Paul Fussell's position for (in *Thank God for the Atom Bomb*). Sixteen students went back and forth—four of them women, one of the men a special forces soldier just back from Iraq—

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pondering the justifications for killing an estimated 180,000 Japanese citizens.

"These weren't civilians. They were people who pledged to fight us with spears once we invaded," one claimed. "Yes, but what about the children and elderly," another replied. A grisly description by Colonel Bishop set the tone: Skulls clustered by the riverbank, skin drooping from the arms of victims, a black rain falling for an hour after the blast.

This is a far cry from the indoctrination assumed to take place in military schools. As opposed to the military discipline outside class, intellectual life is broad-ranging and enlightened. Cadets debate ethics, study history, and write poetry—Colonel Gibson's freshmen last year issued a volume of their poetry subtitled "Voices Unrestrained by the Uniform of the Day." Indeed, with the teachers stressing learning and argumentation, not conformity, the cadets have more freedom to contest standard assumptions than students do in civilian classrooms. Just consider, Colonel Kerin laughs, last year's endowed lecturer at West Point: Al Franken. That is equivalent to Rush Limbaugh speaking at Berkeley—an inconceivable happening.

The evidence also testifies to the significance of the humanities at The Citadel and West Point, a view maintained at the highest levels. When Major General John Grinalds stepped down as president of The Citadel last year, he highlighted "the undertaking that I most cherish," the Krause Initiative in Ethics and Leadership, whose curricular component is the Minor in Leadership Studies housed in, yes, the English Department.

Lieutenant General Lennox at West Point believes that the humanities are necessitated in the curriculum by the current geopolitical situation. After cadets graduate, they soon depart for "the edge of our ethical world," he says, meaning not just life-or-death situations, but cultural, religious, and ethical traditions deeply foreign to our own. To "face those challenges with understanding," he insists, they need imagination and wisdom to comprehend the values and motives of uncertain friends and enemies. They need to defend themselves verbally as well as physically. Those skills and knowledge come from humanistic study and critical self- analysis: "You don't want your army to be mindlessly patriotic."

The best measure of a school's commitment to the humanities is to be found in the core curriculum. The core curriculum makes up the courses that the college asks all students to take, the knowledge and experience that students should have before they graduate. If you want to know how much a field counts at an institution, look at how it is represented in the core. Most universities require only one or two courses in the humanities, and dozens of offerings may fill the requirement. The freshman writing course that most colleges require can range over just about any topic, so it doesn't count.

Upriver from West Point, Vassar has no core curriculum at all, and doesn't require any English, philosophy, or history courses. The University of Virginia requires two humanities courses, while Duke has every student take a freshman writing course, two courses in arts/literature/performance, and two courses in "Civilizations." But the humanistic content in many courses that qualify is minimal, and the breadth can be microscopic. The freshmen writing courses at Duke, for example, include one on "The Politics of Scientific Discovery" and one on "Imagining Marriage in America," whose synopsis begins with a WEEKLY STANDARD article by Stanley Kurtz and which chooses *The Stepford Wives* as its only film version of marriage.

These are standard fare, and they aim more to make students adopt the professors' ideology than to make them more learned. If students take such courses as their only exposure to the humanities during their undergraduate career, the learning they are supposed to derive from their education amounts to nil.

By contrast, consider what the military schools require of all cadets. The Citadel demands four courses in English, two of them composition courses focused on literary topics and one a literature survey from *Beowulf* to *Gulliver's Travels*. The other course may be the second half of the British survey, an American literature survey, or a world literature survey. West Point requires four courses in English: beginning and advanced composition—the latter a broad culture course focused on a particular nation (this year: Iran)—one literature course, and one philosophy course. As opposed to the leftist indoctrination that goes on in humanities classrooms at flagship universities, the humanities classroom at the military schools expects broad study of great works and ideas and intense discussion about them. I didn't see any ideological pressure during my visits; on the contrary, the teachers were entirely open to a full range of assertions, as long as cadets argued for them well.

If anything, the military schools are more serious about humanistic knowledge and skills than are the best civilian schools. They require more courses of all their students, and they engage them with the materials just as intensely. Today's university speaks highly of liberal education, highlighting the importance of knowing other cultures, histories, and religions, as well as our own heritage. But when it comes time to design an integral body of humanistic knowledge, they falter.

A committee at Harvard recently reported on the core curriculum, emphasizing the importance of knowledge in "an increasingly global and connected, yet simultaneously diverse and fragmented world." But when it came time to identify the knowledge needed, they wrung their hands and defaulted, feeling too much "skepticism about the possibility of ranking certain academic subjects, texts, and concepts as more fundamental than others."

How refreshing it is to find a few schools whose teachers have enough conviction about literature, philosophy, and art to demand that all graduates be immersed in them. And how surprising it is that these schools should be not the elite pipeline of America's professors and writers and intellectuals, but training grounds for its soldiers. ♦

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Cinemagic

Turn-of-the-century Vienna might have looked like 'The Illusionist.' **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

Huw Wheldon, who ran the BBC during its glory days in the 1960s and early '70s, and was one of the world's great wits to boot, once made glorious fun of Hollywood's historical epics: You either had some Midwestern galoot uneasily stuffed into an 18th-century outfit mumbling "Cardinal Richeloo will not be pleased to hear of this," or you had a maid curtsying and telling her employer, "Excuse me, ma'am, but there's a chap at the back door who says his name is Beethoven!"

The Illusionist
Directed by Neil Burger

There's a worrisome hint of this inadvertent anachronistic comedy in the opening sequences of *The Illusionist*, a splendid new movie set in what used to be called *fin-de-siècle* Vienna. A little boy and a little girl are playing in his house, when her nanny rushes in. "Duchess Von Shtiel!" admonishes the nanny in a ludicrous Austrian accent. "You mustn't play here! These are peasants!" This scene follows hard upon our first glimpse of the quintessentially American actor Paul Giamatti, playing the chief of police in Vienna, storming *zeh* stage of a gaslit theater *und* announzing *zeh* arrest of a magician named "Eisenheim *zeh* Illusionist."

Miraculously, though, these are the only moments in *The Illusionist* that fall under the Wheldon rule, even though it *is* a stunningly old-fashioned piece of work that almost seems like it was buried in a time capsule on the MGM lot in 1947 and rediscovered a few months ago. Only a single curse word, one discreet sex scene, and some very modest special effects suggest its present-day origins. (Though it's based on a short story by the contemporary fabulist Steven Millhauser, *The Illusionist* also owes an obvious debt to a lavish and preposterous 1949 MGM movie called *Black Magic*, in which Orson Welles plays a magician and mesmerist who helps bring about the French Revolution. "Yes, Master, I am the Queen of France," says a blonde with a Veronica Lake peekaboo bang hypnotized by Welles in one of the great Wheldon moments in all of cinema.)

Writer-director Neil Burger did not have the financial resources to recreate Vienna in 1900, so he has, instead, chosen to transport us into the past through quick, lush, and supremely self-confident shots of cobblestoned streets, horse-drawn carriages and 19th-century buildings (with Prague standing in for Vienna)—not to mention an overwhelming abundance of male facial hair, wittily designed by makeup artist Julie Pearce. Burger and his photographer Dick Pope have modeled the look and feel of the movie on an early photographic process called "autochrome," and every frame looks like an ancient photograph lovingly preserved and restored.

Mostly, though, Burger has to rely on his cast to make the journey backward a convincing one—and to a remarkable degree, the actors of *The Illusionist* succeed in banishing all traces of modernity. Giamatti, whose accent seems slightly jarring at first, proves almost flawless as the middle-aged son of a provincial butcher who has risen to a position of prominence at the right hand of Crown Prince Leopold, son of the Emperor Franz Josef. Leopold is a fictional character, though he retains traces of the manic madness that afflicted Franz Josef's actual son Rudolf, who died in history's most famous murder-suicide at an imperial hunting lodge in Mayerling. He is played by the English actor Rufus Sewell, who is similarly impeccable—imposing and unpredictable, intellectually arrogant and short-tempered.

Edward Norton essays the title character, a Jewish cabinetmaker's son who leaves home to travel the world and then appears out of nowhere in Vienna at the age of 30 as the world's greatest magician. As Eisenheim the Illusionist, Norton stands ramrod straight and yet manages at the same time to convey a sense of great relaxation, as if he truly is in on the secrets of the universe. His most original acting choice is the accent he gives Eisenheim: There's very little Teutonic tenor to it, but he sounds entirely foreign nonetheless, and entirely a figure of the past.

If the name Edward Norton does not quite conjure up a face, that's because he is one of the screen's foremost chameleons, inhabiting schizophrenic southerners (*Primal Fear*), hotshot Jewish lawyers (*The People vs. Larry Flynt*), brilliant skinheads (*American History X*), and delusional would-be cowboys (*Down in the Valley*) with meticulous precision. But he does his best work yet in *The Illusionist*, playing an unabashedly romantic hero—quietly good-humored, unreservedly passionate, and unafraid to stand up to unjust power.

The Illusionist was basically dumped into theaters in the dog days of August with very little advance publicity or advertising. Miraculously, it has managed to find an audience, and there are suggestions that it may become the year's second out-of-nowhere sleeper hit (after *Little Miss Sunshine*). This is a testament to the much-abused middle-aged moviegoer, the only force that is standing between us and the complete surrender of the multiplex to children: toddlers, tweens, teens, and those unfortunate adults whose cultural appetites have not progressed since childhood. ♦

John Podhoretz, a columnist for the New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

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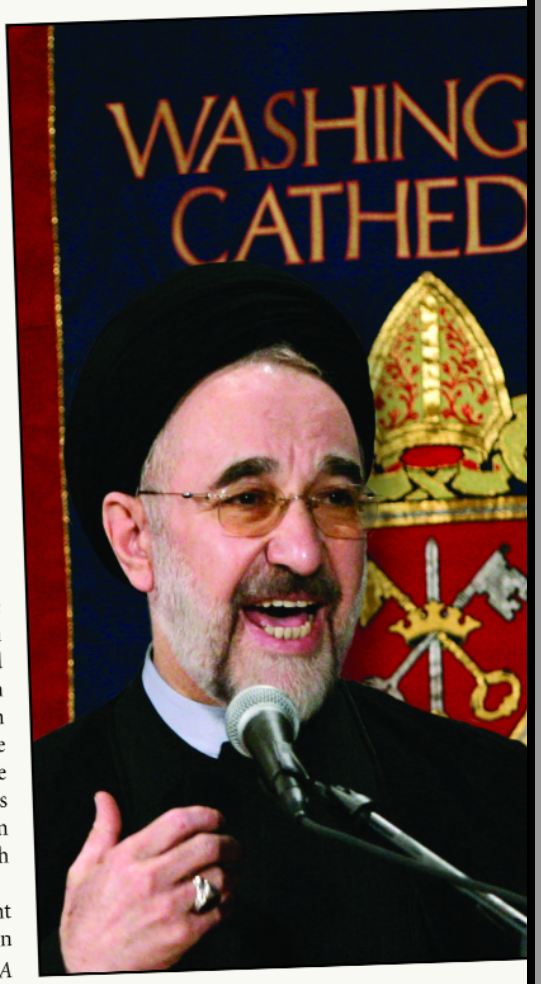
Weekend Box Office Receipts

1. "Jihad Joe"	6.8B rials/115,000 goats
2. "72 Virgins"	4.1B rials/86,000 goats
3. "Fahrenheit 9/11"	3.7B rials/71,000 goats
4. "When Harry Stoned Sally"	3.5B rials/68,000 goats
5. "La Cage Aux Folles"	3.1B rials/57,500 goats
6. "Legally Blinded"	2.2B rials/39,000 goats
7. "Yentl"	1.8B rials/30,000 goats

EX-PRESIDENT ABANDONS ISLAM

Khatami Apostasy Inspired By Visit to Great Satan

Ahmadinejad: 'Didn't See This Coming'



By Seyed Samdeshamadi

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13—The official news agency of the Islamic Republic of Iran reported today that former President Mohammad Khatami, while visiting the United States of America this past week, has privately informed friends and associates that he has forsaken Islam and embraced Christianity.

The news came as a shock to senior officials in Tehran, who expressed anger that their misgivings about Khatami's unprecedented visit to the USA had been confirmed. Also surprised were Khatami's associates at the International Institute for Dialogue Among Civilizations and Cultures, which he founded in Tehran this past February. "This just shows how easily dialogue can get out of hand," said Ali Mostafa Razmatazadeh, executive director of the institute's Special Project on Outreach to Swine and Infidels.

[illegible] hosts reacted with [illegible] "untimely and [illegible] the Rev. Margaret ("Bull") Dykeman, spokeswoman for the Center for Global Justice and Reconciliation at the so-called National Cathedral, said, "We had no idea President Khatami would take interfaith understanding to the extreme of converting to Christianity. We are very sorry that this has happened, and extend our deepest apologies to the prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) and to our dear friends and counterparts in the Islamic Republic."

According to one source close to the former president, who asked to remain anonymous, Khatami has not only converted to Christianity, but has asked to affiliate with the Southern Baptist Convention. Within hours of arriving in America, the source reported, Khatami felt an uncontrollable urge to establish a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, and, if possible, to visit the Rev. Jim Bakker's Heritage USA theme park in South Carolina.

When it was explained to former President Khatami that Heritage USA is no longer in

SEE DEAD MAN TALKING, PAGE 7A

the weekly Standard
SEPTEMBER 18, 2006

[illegible]al Man Stoned for Thinking

THIS WEEK'S BEHEADINGS

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